

# The Maids Tragedie. 'ASITHATHBEENE

Divers times Acted at the *Blacke*.

*Friers*, by the KINGS

Majesties Servants.

Written by FRANCIS BRALMONT, and;  
JOHN FLETCHER Gentlemen,

*The fifth Impression, Revised and Refined.*



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shop in *Chancery-lane*, neere the Rowles.

1641.



## S P E A K E R S.

KING.

LISIPPUS *brother to the King.*

AMINTOR, *a noble Gentleman.*

EVADNE, *Wife to AMINTOR.*

MELANTIUS, } *brother to EVADNE.*

DIPHILUS, }

ASPATIA *broth-<sup>r</sup>-plight wife to AMINTOR.*

CALIANAX *an old humorous Lord, and father to*

ASPATIA.

CLEON } *Gentlemen.*

STRATO }

DIAGORAS *a servant.*

ANTIPHILA } *Waiting Gentlemen to ASPATEA.*

OLIMPIUS }

DULA *a Lady.*

NEGHT

CINTHIA

NEPTUNE } *Masks.*

EOLUS

### The Stationers Censure.

**G**ood Wine requires no Busb they say,  
And Is no Prologue such a play:

The makers therefore did forbear

To have that grace prefixed here.

But cease here (Censure) lest the Buyer

Hold thee in this ~~a~~ waing Supplier,

My office is to set it forth.

Where Fame applauds it's reall worth,

THE



# THE MAIDS TRAGEDY.

Actus I, Scoen, I.

*Enter* CLEON, STRATO,  
LISIPPUS, DIPHILUS.



LEON. The rest are making ready Sir.

*Stra.* So let them, there's time enough.

*Diph.* You are the brother to the King my  
Lord, wee'l take your word.

*Lis. Stra.* thou hast some skill in Poetry,  
What thinkst thou of a Maske, will it be well?

*Stra.* As well as Maske can be.

*Lis.* As Maske can be?

*Stra.* Yes, they must commend their King, and speake in  
praise of the assembly, blesse the Bride and Bridegroom, in  
person of some God, they'r tyed to rules of flattery.

*Cle.* See, good my Lord, who is return'd.

*Lis. Noble Melantius,*

*Ent. r Melantius.*

The land by me welcomes thy vertues home to Rhodes; thou  
that with blood abroad, buyest us our peace, the breath of  
Kings is like the breath of Gods: my brother wisht thee  
here, and thou art here: he will be too kind, and wearie  
thee with often welcomes; but the time doth give thee a  
welcome, above his, or all the worlds.

*Mel.* My Lord, my thanks, but these scratcht limbes  
of mine, have spoke my love and truth unto my friends,  
more than my tongue ere could, my mind's the same it

A 2

ever

## The Maids Tragedie.

Ever was to you; where I find worth,  
I love the keeper, till he let it go,  
And then I follow it.

*Diph.* Haile worthy brother,  
He that rejoyces not at your returne  
In safety, is mine enemy for ever.

*Mel.* I thank thee *Diphilus*; but thou art faulty,  
I sent for thee to exercise thine armes  
With me at *Patria*: thou can'st not *Diphilus*:  
Twas ill.

*Diph.* My noble brother, my excuse  
Is my Kings strict comānd, which you my Lord  
Can witnesse with me.

*Lis.* Tis true *Melaminus*,  
He might not come till the solemnity  
Of this great match were past.

*Diph.* Have you heard of it?

*Mel.* Yes, I have given cause to those that  
Envy my deeds abroad, to call me game some,  
I have no other businesse here at *Rhodes*.

*Lis.* We have a maske to night,  
And you must tread a Souldiers measure.

*Mel.* These soft and silken wars are not for me,  
The musicke must be shrill and all confus'd,  
That stirs my blood & then I dance with armes:  
But is *Aminor* wed?

*Diph.* This day.

*Mel.* All joyes upon him, for he is my friend:  
wonder not that I call a man so yong my friend.  
His worth is great; valiant he is and temperate,  
And one that never thinks his life his owne,  
If his friend need it: when he was a boy,  
As oft as I return'd (as without boast)  
I brought home conquest, he would gaze upon me  
And view me round, to find in what one limbe,  
The vertue lay to doe those things he heard:  
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feele

The



## *The Maids Tragedie.*

The quicknesse of the edge, and in his hand  
Weigh it, he oft would make me smile at this;  
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years  
Will see it all perform'd.

*Enter Aspatia,  
passing by.*

*Melan.* Haile Maid and Wife.

Thou faire *Aspatia*, may the holy knot  
That thou hast tyed to day, last till the hand  
Of age undo't, mayst thou bring a race  
Unto *Aminor*, that may fill the world  
Successively with Souldiers.

*Asp.* My hard fortunes  
Deserve not scorne, for I was never proud  
When they were good.

*Exit Aspatia.*

*Mel.* How's this?

*Lis.* You are mistaken, for she is not married.

*Mel.* You said *Aminor* was.

*Diph.* Tis true, but.

*Mel.* Pardon me, I did receive  
Letters at *Patria*, from my *Aminor*,  
That he should marry her.

*Diph.* And so it stood,  
In all opinion long, but your arrivall  
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

*Mel.* Who hath he taken then?

*Lis.* A Ladie Sir,  
That beares the light above her, and strikes dead  
With flashes of her eye, the faire *Euadne*  
Your vertuous sister.

*Mel.* Peace of heart betwixt them,  
But this is strange.

*Lis.* The King my brother did it  
To honour you, and these solemnities  
Are at his charge.

*Mel.* Tis royall like himselfe,  
But I am sad, my speech beares so unfortunate a sound  
To beautifull *Aspatia*: there is rage  
Mid in her fathers brest, *Calamus*

## *The Maids Tragedie.*

Bent long against me, and he should not thinke,  
If I could call it backe, that I would take

So base revenges, as to scorne the state  
Of his neglected daughter: holds hee still his greatnesse  
*Lij.* Yes, but this Lady with the King?

Walkes discontented, with her watry eyes  
Bent on the earth: the unfrequented woods  
Are her delight, and when she sees a banke  
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell  
Her servants, what a pretty place it were  
To bury lovers in, and make her maids  
Pluck'em and strow her over like a corse.  
She carries with her an infectious griefe,  
That strikes all her beholders, she will sing  
Themournfull things that ever care hath heard  
And sigh, and sing againe, and when the rest  
Of our young Ladies in their wanton blood,  
Tell mirthfull tales in course that fill the roome  
With laughter, she will with so sad a looke,  
Bring forth a story of the silent death  
Of some forsaken virgin, which her griefe  
Will put in such a phrase, that ere she end,  
Sheel send them weeping one by one away.

*Mel.* She has a brother under my command  
Like her, a face as womanish as hers,  
But with a spirit that hath much out-growne  
The number of his yeares.

*Enter Amintor.*

*Cle.* My Lord the Bridegroome.

*Mel.* I might run fiercely, not more hastily  
Upon my foe: I love thee well *Amintor*,  
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;  
I joy to looke upon those eyes of thine,  
Thou art my friend, but my disordered speech  
Cuts off my love.

*Amin.* Thou art *Melantius*.  
All love is spoke in that, a sacrifice  
To thank the gods, *Melantius* is return'd

In

## *The Maids Tragedie.*

In safety, victory sits on his sword  
As she was wont; may she build there & dwell,  
And may thy armour be as it hath beene,  
Onely thy valour and thy innocence.  
What endlesse treasures would our enemies give,  
That I might hold thee still thus!

*Mel.* I am but poore in words, but credit me young man;  
Thy mother could no more but weepe, for joy to see thee  
After long absence: all the wounds I have,  
Fetcht not so much away, nor all the cries  
Of widdowed mothers: but this is peace,  
And what was warre?

*Amin.* Pardon thou holy God  
Of marriage bed, and frowne not, I am forc't  
In answer of such noble teares as those,  
To weepe upon my wedding day.

*Mel.* I feare thou art growne too sicke, for I heare  
A Lady mournes for thee, men say to death,  
Forsaken of thee, on what termes I know not:

*Ami.* She had my promise, but the King forbad it,  
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister  
Accompanied with graces above her,  
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,  
And grow old in her armes.

*Mel.* Be prosperous.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Messen.* My Lord, the Maskers rage for you.

*Lis.* We are gone.

*Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.*

*Am.* Wee'l all attend you, we shall trouble you,  
With our solemnities.

*Mel.* Not so *Amin.*

But if you laugh at my rude carriage  
In peace, Ile doe as much for you in warre  
When you come thither: yet I have a Mistresse:  
To bring to your delights, rough though I am,  
I have a Mistresse, and she has a heart.

*She.*

## *The Maids Tragedie.*

She saies, but trust me, it is stone, no better,  
There is no place that I can challenge in't,  
But you stand still, and here my way lyes. *Exit.*

*Enter Calianax with Diagoras.*

*Cal.* *Diagoras*, looke to the doores better for shame: you  
let in all the world, and anone the King will ralle at me:  
why very well said, by *Love* the King will have the show i'th  
Court.

*Diag.* Why doe you sweare so my Lord?  
You know heele have it heere.

*Cal.* By this light if he be wise, he will not.

*Diag.* And if he will not be wise, you are forsworne.

*Cal.* One may swear his heart out with swearing, and get  
thanks on no side, Ile be gone, looke to't who will,

*Diag.* My Lord, I will never keepe them out.  
Pray itay, your lookes will terrifie them.

*Cal.* My lookes terrifie them, you coxcomby asse you, Ile  
be judg'd by all the company, whether thou halt not a worse  
face then I—

*Diag.* I meane because they know you, and your offices

*Cal.* Office, I would I could put it off, I am sure I sweat  
quite through my office, I might have made roome at my  
daughters wedding, they had nere kild her amongst them:  
And now I must doe service for him that hath forsaken her,  
serve that will,

*Exit Calianax.*

*Diag.* Hee's so [humorous] since his daughter was forsa-  
ken: harke, harke, there, there, so, so, codes, codes.  
What now?

*Within*

*knocke within.*

*Mel.* Open the doore.

*Diag.* Who's there?

*Mel. Melantius.*

*Diag.* I hope your Lord-ship brings no troope with you,  
for if you doe, I must returns them.

*Enter Melantius.*

*Mel.* None but this Lady Sir.

*And a Lady.*

*Diag.* The Ladies are all plac'd above, save those that  
come in the Kings troope, the best of *Rhodes* sit there,  
and

## The Maids Tragedie.

and there's roome.

*Mel.* I thanke you Sir : when I have seene you plac'd madame, I must attend the King, but the maske done, He wait on you againe.

*Diag.* Stand backe there, roome for my Lord *Melantius*; pray beare backe, this is no place for such youths and their trulls, let the doores shut agen; I doe your heids itch? He scratch them for you: so now thrust and hang: againe, who ist now, I cannot blame my Lord *Calianax* for going away, would he were here, he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads then his owne, in the twinkling of an eye: whats the newes now? *Within* I pray you can you helpe mee to the speech of the Master Cooke?

*Diag.* If I open the doore Heeooke some of your Calves-heads. Peace rogues:—againe, (—who ist?)

*Mel.* *Melantius within, Enter Calianax to Melantius.*

*Cal.* Let him not in.

*Diag.* O my Lord a must, make roome there for my Lord, is your Lady plac't?

*Mel.* Yes Sir, I thanke you, my Lord *Calianax*, well met, Your causlesse hate to me I hope is buried.

*Cal.* Yes I doe service for your Sister here, That brings my owne poore child to timesesse death, She loves your friend *Amintor*, such an other false-hearted Lord as you.

*Mel.* You doe me wrong, A most unmanly one, and I am slow In taking vengeance, but be well advis'd.

*Cal.* It may be so: who plac'd the Lady there so neere the presence of the King?

*Mel.* I did.

*Cal.* My Lord she must not sit there.

*Mel.* Why?

*Cal.* The place is kept for women of more worth.

*Mel.* More worth then she, it must become your age, And place to be thus womanish, forbear,

## The Maids Tragedie

What you have spoke I am content to thinke:  
The palsey shooke your tongue to.

*Cal.* Why tis well if I stand here to place mens wenchess.

*Mel.* I shall forget this place, thy age, my safety, and  
through all, cut that poore sickly weede that hath togild a-  
way from thee.

*Cal.* Nay I know you can fight for your whore.

*Mel.* Bate the King, and be he flesh and blood  
A lyes, that sayes it, thy mother at fiftene  
Was blacke, and fittall to her.

*Diag.* Good my Lord.

*Mel.* Some god pluckt threescore yeeres from that fond

That I may kill him and not staine mine honour.

It is the curse of souldiers, that in peace

They shall be brand'd, by such ignoble men,

As (if the land were troubled) would with rearesons

And knees beg succour from'em, would that blood

(That sea of blood) that I have lost in fight,

Were running in thy veines, that it might make thee

Apt to say lesse, or able to maintaine,

Shouldst thou say more.

*Cal.* I, you may say your pleasure.

*Amint.* What wilde injurie

Has turn'd my worthy friend, whose name I love

To fight with words, as he is quick of hand?

*Mel.* That heape of age, which I should reverence

If it were temperate, but ten ty years

Are most contemptible.

*Amint.* Good sir forbear.

*Cal.* There is just such another as your selfe.

*Amint.* He will wrong you, or me, or any man,

And talke as if he had no life to lose.

Since this our match: the King is comming in,

I would not for more wealth then I enjoy

He should perceive you raging, he did hear

You were at difference now, which hastned him.

*Cal.* Make roome there.



## The Maids Tragedie.

*Hoboyes play within.*

*Enter King, Enadus, Aspatia, Lords and Ladies.*

*King.* Melantius thou art welcome and my love

Is with thee still; but this is not a place

To brabble in; *Calianax*, joyne hands.

*Cal.* He shall not have my hand.

*King.* This is no time

To force you to't, I doe love you both,

*Calianax* you looke well to your office,

And you *Melantius* arc welcome home,

Begin the Maske.

*Mel.* Sister I joy to see you, and your choysse,

You lookt with my eyes when you rooke that man,

Be happy in him.

*Enad.* O my deereft brother.

Your prefence is more joyfull then this day can be unto me!

## The Maske.

*Night rises in mift.*

*Nigh.* Our raigne is come, for in the raging fea

The Sun is drown'd, and with him fell the day:

Bright *Cimbria* heare my voice, I am the night

For whom thou beaft about thy borrowed light,

Appeare, no longer thy pale vifage shrowd,

But ftrike thy fiver horne quite through a cloud,

And fend a beame upon my fwarthy face,

By which I may difcover all the place

And perfons, and how many longing eyes

Are come to waite on our folemnities.

*Enter Cimbria.*

How dull and blacke am I? I could not find

This beauty without thee, I am fo blind,

Me thinkes they fhew like to thofe Efterne ftreakes

That warne us hence before the morning breakes,

Back my pale fervant, for thefe eyes know how

## *The Maide Tragedie.*

To shoote farre more and quicker rayes then thou.

*Cinth.* Great Queene, they be a troope for whom alone  
One of my clearest moones I have put on,  
A troope that lobkes as if thy selfe and I  
Had pluckt our raines in, and our whips layd by  
To gaze upon these Mortals, that appeare  
Brighter then we.

*Night.* Then let us keepe 'em here,  
And never more our Chariots drive away,  
But hold our places and out-shine the day. (speake

*Cinth.* Great Queene of shadowes, you are pleas'd to  
Of more then may be done, we may not breake  
The gods decrees, but, when our time is come,  
Most drive away and give the day our roome,  
Yet whilst our raigne lasts, let us stretch our power  
To give our servants one contented houre,  
With such unwonted solemne grace and state  
As may for ever after force them hate  
Our brothers glorious beames, & with the night  
Crown'd with a thousand stars, & our cold light:  
For almost all the world their service bend  
To *Phabus*, and in vaine my light I lend;  
Gaz'd on unto my setting from my rise  
Almost of none, but of unquiet eyes.

*Night.* Then shine at full, faire Queene, and by thy power  
Produce a birth to crowne this happy houre,  
Of Nymphs and shepheards, let their songs discover,  
Easie and sweet, who is a happy Lover,  
Or if thou woot, then call thine owne *Endymion*  
From the sweet flowry bed he lyes upon,  
On *Latmus* top, thy pale beames drawne away,  
And of this long night let him make a day. (mine,

*Cinth.* Thou dream'st darke Queene, that fair boy was not  
Nor went I downe to kisse him, ease and wine  
Have bred these bold tales, Poets when they rage  
Turne Gods to men, and make an houre an age,  
But I will give a greater state and glory,

And

## The Maids Tragedie.

And raise to time a noble memory  
Of what these Lovers are; rise, rise, I say,  
Thou power of deepes, thy surges layd away,  
*Neptune* great King of waters, and by me  
Be proud to be commanded. *Neptune rises.*

*Nep. Cinthia* see,  
Thy word hath fetcht me hither, let me know  
Why I ascend.

*Cimb.* Doth this majesticke show,  
Give thee no knowledge yet?

*Nep.* Yes now I see  
Some thing intended *Cimb* worthy thee,  
Goe on, Ile be a helper.

*Cimb.* Hie thee then,  
And charge the wind flie from his rockie den,  
Let loose thy subjects, onely *Boreas*  
Too foule for our intention as he was,  
Still keepe him fast chain'd, we must have none here  
But vernall blasts and gentle winds appeare,  
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad *Bowes* sing  
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring.  
These are our musicke; next, thy watry race  
Bring on in couples: we are pleas'd to grace  
This noble night, each in their richest things  
Your owne deepes or the broken vessell brings;  
Be prodigall, and I shall be as kind,  
And shine at full upon you.

*Nep.* Hoo the wind *Enter Edus out of a rocke.*  
Commanding *Edus.*

*Ed.* Great *Neptune*,

*Nep.* He.

*Ed.* What is thy will?

*Nep.* We doe command thee free

*Favonius* and thy milder winds to wait  
Upon our *Cinthia*, but tye *Boreas* straight,  
Hee's too rebellious.

*Ed.* I shall doe it.

## The Maids Tragedie.

Nep. Doe, great master of the fount, and all below;  
Thy full command has taken,

Eol. Hoe! the Maine;  
Neptune.

Nep. Heere

Eol. Boeris has broke his chaine,  
And struggling with the rest has got away.

Nep. Let him alone, Ile take him up at sea,  
He will not long be thence, goe once againe

And call out of the bottomes of the Maine,  
Blew *Protheus*, and the rest, charge them put on

Their greatest pearles and the most sparkling stone  
The beating rocke breeds, till this night is done

By me a solemne honour to the Moone,  
Flie like a full saile.

Eol. I am gone.

Cin. Darke night

Strike a full silence, doe a thorow right  
To this great *Chorus*, that our Musicke may

Touch high as heaven, and make the East breake day  
At mid-night.

*Musike.*

Song.

Cynthia to thy power and them  
we obey.

Joy to this great company,  
and no day

Come to steale this night away,  
Till the rites of love are ended,

And the lusty Bridegroome say,  
Welcome light of all befriended,

Face out you wat'ry powers below,  
let your secte

Like the gallies when they row  
even beate.

Let your unknowne measures set  
To the still windes, sell to all

That gods are come immortall gre at;  
T.

# The Maids Tragedie.

To honour this great Nuptiall.

The Measure.

Second Song.

Hold backe thy houres darke night till we haue done,

The day will come too sone,

Young Maids will curset bee if thou steal'st away,

And lea'st their blushes open to the day.

Stay, stay, and hide

the blushes of the Bride.

Stay gentle night, and with thy darkness cover

the kisses of her Lover.

Stay and confound her teares and her still crying,

Her weake denials, vov'es and often dyings,

Stay and bide all,

but helpe not though she call.

Nep. Great Quene of us and heaven,

Hear what I bring to make this houre a full one,

If not her measure,

Cimb. Speake Seas King.

Nep. Thy tunes my Amphitrite joyes to have,

When they will dance upon the rising way,

And court me as the sayles, my Trytons play

Musicke to lead a storme, Ile lead the way.

Song.

Measure.

To bed, to bed, come Hymn, lead the Bride,

And lay her by her husbands side:

Bring in the Virgins every one

That grieue to lie alone:

That they may kisse while they may say, a maid,

To morrow 'twill be o'ther kist and said:

Help'rus be long a spinning,

Whilst these Lovers are a twining.

Eol. Ho Neptune.

Nep. Eolus.

Eol. The Seas goe hic,

Boreas hath rais'd a storme, goe and applie

Thy

## The Maids Tragedie.

Thy trident, else I prophesie, ere day  
Many a tall ship will be cast away :  
Descend with all the gods, and all their power  
To strike a Calme.

*Cin.* A thanks to every one, and to gratulate  
So great a service done at my desire,  
Ye shall have many foulds fuller and higher  
Then you have wish for, no Ebbe shall dare,  
To let the day see where your dwellings are :  
Now backe unto your government in hast,  
Left your proud charge should swell above the wast,  
And win upon the Island.

*Nep.* We obey.

*Nep. me descends,  
and the Sea gods.*

*Cin. b.* Hold up thy head dead night, seest thou not day ?  
The East begins to lighten, I must downe  
And give my brother place.

*Nigh.* Oh I could frowne  
To see the day, the day that slings his light,  
Upon my Kingdomes, & contemnes old Night,  
Let him goe on and flame, I hope to see  
Another wild-fire in his Axletree,  
And all false drencht, but I forgot, speak Queene.  
The day growes on, I must no more be seene.

*Cin.* Heave up thy drowne head agen, and see  
A greater light, a greater Majestie,  
Betweene our sect and us, whip up thy teame,  
The day breakes here, and yon same flashing streame  
Shot from the South, say, which way wilt thou goe ?

*Nigh.* Ile vanishe into mists.

*Exeunt.*

*Cin. b.* I into day.

*Finis Maske.*

*King.* Take lights there Ladies, get the Bride to bed,  
We will not see you laid, good night *Answer.*  
Wee'l ease you of that tedious ceremony,  
Were it my case, I should thinke time run slow.  
If thou beest noble, youth, get me a boy,  
That may defend my Kingdome from my foes.

*Amin.*



*The Mends Tragedie.*

*Amin.* All happinesse to you.  
*King.* Good night *Melantius.*

*Exeunt.*

*Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Euadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other Ladies.*

**D**<sup>U</sup> L. Madame, shall we undresse you for this night  
The warres are nak't that you must make to night.

*Eua.* You are very merry *Dula.*

*Dul.* I should be farre merrier Madame, if it were with me  
As it is with you.

*Eua.* Why how now wench?

*Dul.* Come Ladies, will you helpe?

*Eua.* I am soone undone.

*Dula.* And as soone done:

Good stoore of clothes wil trouble you at both.

*Eua.* Art thou drunke *Dula*?

*Dula.* Why heer's none but we.

*Eua.* Thou think'st belike there is no modesty  
When we are alone.

*Dul.* I by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.

*Eua.* You pricke me Lady.

*Dula.* Tis against my will,  
Anon you must endure more, and lye still.  
You're best to practise.

*Eua.* Sure this wench is mad.

*Dula.* No faith, this is a trick that I have had  
Since I was fourteene.

*Eua.* Tis high time to leave it:

*Dul.* Nay, now Ile keep it till the trike leave me;  
A dozen wanton words put in your head,  
Will make you lively in your husbands bed,

*Eua.* Nay faith then take it.

*Dula.* Take it Madame, where?  
We all I hope will take it that are here,

C

*Eua.*

*The Mares Tragedie.*

*Evad.* Nay then Ile give you ore.

*Dul.* So will I make

The ablest man in *Rhodes*, or his heart ake.

*Evad.* Wilt take my place to night?

*Dul.* Ile hold your cards against any two I know.

*Evad.* What wilt thou doe?

*Dul.* Madam we'll do't, and make'm leave play too.

*Evad.* *Aspatia* take her part.

*Dul.* I will refuse it.

She will pluck downe a side, she does not use it.

*Evad.* Why doe.

*Dul.* You will find the play

Quickly, because your head lyes well that way.

*Evad.* I thanke thee *Dula*, would thou couldst instill

Some of thy mirth into *Aspatia*:

Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast doe dwell.

Me thinks a meane betwixt you would doe well.

*Dul.* She is in love; hang me if I were so,

But I could run my country, I love too.

To doe those things that people in love doe.

*Asp.* It were a timelesse smile should prove my cheekes;

In were a fitter houre for me to laugh,

When at the Altar the religious Rites

Were pacifying the offended powers:

With sacrifice, than now, this should have bene

My night, & all your hands have been employed

In giving me a spotlesse offering

To young *Amintors* bed, as we are now

For you: pardon *Evadn*, would my worth

Were great as yours, or that the King, or he,

Or both thought so, perhaps he found me worthlesse,

But till he did so, in these eares of mine;

(These credulous eares) he pow'r'd the sweetest words

That art or love could frame, if he were false,

Pardon it heaven, and if I did want

Vertue, you safely may forgive that too,

For I have left none that I had from you.

*Evad.*

## The Maids Tragedie.

*Enad.* Nay, leave this sad talke Madame.

*Aspat.* Would I could, then should I leave the cause.

*Enad.* See if you have not spoyle all *Dula*'s mirth.

*Aspat.* Thou thinkest thy heart hard, but if thou beest caught, remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire shot suddenly into thee.

*Dul.* That's not so good; let 'em shoot anything but fire, I feare 'em not.

*Aspat.* Well wench, thou mayst be taken.

*Enad.* Ladies good night, Ile doe the rest my selfe.

*Dul.* Nay, let your Lord doe some.

*Asp.* Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismall Yew.

*Enad.* That's one of your sad songs Madam.

*Asp.* Beleeve me, 'tis a very pretty one.

*Enad.* How is it Madam?

*Song.*

*Asp.* Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismall yew,  
Maidens willow branches beare, say I dyed true:  
My Love was false, but I was firme, from my houre of birth;  
Upon my buried body lay lightly gentle earth.

*Enad.* Fie ont Ma-lam, the words are so strange, they are able to make one dreame of Hobgoblins: I could never have the power, sing that *Dula*.

*Dula.* I could never have the power  
To love one above an houre,

But my heart would prompt mine eye  
On some other man to flie;

*Venus* fixe mine eyes fast,

Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last,

*Enad.* So, leave me now.

*Dula.* Nay, we must see you layd.

*Asp.* Madam good night, may all the marriage joyes  
That longing maids imagine in their beds,  
Prove so unto you, may no discontent  
Growe twixt your Love and you, but if there doe,  
Enquire of me, and I will guide your mone,  
Teach you an artificiall way to grieve,

# The Maiden Tragedie.

To keepe your sorrow waking, love your Lord  
 No worse than I, but if you love so well,  
 Alas you may displease him, so did I,  
 This is the last time you shall look on me:  
 Ladies farewell, as soone as I am dead,  
 Come all and watch one night about my hearse,  
 Bring each a mournefull story and a teare  
 To offer at it when I goe to earth:  
 With flattering Ivie claspe my coffin round,  
 Write on my brow my fortune, let my Beere  
 Be borne by Virgines that shall sing by course  
 The truth of Maids and perjuries of men.

*Eusd.* Alas, I pittie thee.

*Exit Eusd.*

*Omnes.* Madam good night.

*1 Lady.* Come, weele let in the Bridegroome.

*Dul.* Where's my Lord?

*1 Lady.* Here take this light.

*Enter Amintor.*

*Dul.* Youle find her in the darke.

*1 Lady.* Your Ladie's scarce a bed yet, you must help her.

*Asp.* Goe and be happy in your Ladie's love,  
 May all the wrongs that you have done to me,  
 Be utterly forgotten in my death,  
 Ile trouble you no more, yet I will take  
 A parting kisse, and will not be denied.  
 You'l come my Lord, and see the Virgines weep:  
 When I am layd in earth, though you your selfe  
 Can know no pittie: thus I winde my selfe  
 Into this willow garland, and am prouder  
 That I was once your love (though now refus'd)  
 Than to have had another true to me,  
 So with my prayers I leave you, and must try  
 Some yet unpractis'd way to grieve and dye.

*Dul.* Come Ladies, will you goe?

*Exit Aspasia.*

*Om.* Good night my Lord.

*Amint.* Much happinesse unto you all. *Exeunt Ladies.*

I did that Lady wrong; me thinkes I feele  
 Her griefe shoot suddenly through all my veins:

Mine.

## The Maides Tragedie.

Mine eyes run, this is strange at such a time.  
It was the King first mov'd me to't, but he  
Has not my will in keeping—— why doe I  
Perplex my selfe thus? something whispers me,  
Goe not to bed: my guilt is not so great  
As mine owne conscience (too sensible)  
Would make me thinke; I onely brake a promise,  
And twas the King that forc'd me: timorous flesh,  
Why shak'st thou so? away my idle fears. *Enter Enadine.*  
Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye  
Can blot away the sad remembrance  
Of all these things: Oh my *Enadine* spare  
That tender body, let it not take cold,  
The vapours of the night will not fall here.  
To bed my Love, *Hymen* will punish us  
For being slack performers of his rites.  
Can'st thou to call me?

*Enad.* No.

*Amin.* Come, come, my Love,  
And let us loose our selves to one another.  
Why art thou up so long?

*Enadine.* I am not well.

*Amin.* To bed, then let me winde thee in these armes,  
Till I have banisht sickness.

*Enad.* Good my Lord I cannot sleepe.

*Amin.* *Enadine* wee'l watch, I meane no sleeping:

*Enad.* Ile not goe to bed.

*Amin.* I prethee doe.

*Enad.* I will not for the world.

*Amin.* Why my deere Love?

*Enad.* Why? I have sworne I will not.

*Amin.* Sworne! *Enadine.* I.

*Amin.* How? Sworne *Enadine*?

*Enad.* Yes, sworne *Aminion*, and will sweare againe,  
If you will wish to heare me.

*Amin.* To whom have you sworne this?

*Enad.* If I should name him, the matter were not great.

## *The Mads Tragedie.*

*Amint.* Come, this is but the coynesse of a Bride.

*Euad.* The coynesse of a Bride?

*Amint.* How prettily that frowne becomes thee!

*Euad.* Doe you like it so?

*Amint.* Thou canst not dresse thy face in such a looke  
But I shall like it.

*Euad.* What looke likes you best?

*Amint.* Why doe you aske?

*Euad.* That I may shew you one lesse pleasing to you.

*Amint.* How's that?

*Euad.* That I may shew you one lesse pleasing to you.

*Amint.* I prethee put thy jests in milder lookes.  
It shewes as thou wert angry.

*Euad.* So perhaps I am indeed.

*Amint.* Why who has done thee wrong?

Name me the man, and by thy selfe I sweare,

Thy yet unconquered selfe I will revenge thee.

*Euad.* Now I shall try thy truth, if thou dost love me,  
Thou weigh'st not any thing compar'd with me.

Life, honour, joyes eternall, all delights

This world can yeeld, or hopefull people faime,

Or in the life to come are light as ayre

To a true Lover when his Lady frownes,

And bids him doe this: wilt thou kill this man?

Sweare my *Amintor*, and he kisse the sin

Off from thy lips.

*Amint.* I will not sweare sweet Love,

Till I doe know the cause.]

*Euad.* I woud thou woudst,

Why it is thou that wrongest me, I hate thee,

Thou shouldst have kild thy selfe.

*Amint.* If I should know that, I should quickly kill

The man you hated.

*Euad.* Know it then, and do't.

*Amint.* Oh no, what looke soere thou shalt put on,

To try my faith, I shall not thinke thee false,

I cannot finde one blemish in thy face,

Where



*The Maids Tragedie.*

Where falshood should abide, leave and to bed,  
If you have sworne to any of the virgins  
That were your old companions, to preserve  
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done  
Without this meanes.

*Evad.* A maidenhead *Aminor* at my yeares?

*Amin.* Sure she raves, this cannot be  
Thy naturall temper, shall I call thy maids?  
Either thy healthfull sleep hath left thee long,  
Or else some fever rages in thy bloud.

*Evad.* Neither *Aminor*, think you I am mad,  
Because I speake the truth?

*Amin.* Will you not lye with me to night?

*Ev.* To night? you talk as if I would hereafter.

*Amin.* Hereafter? yes I doe.

*Evad.* You are deceiv'd, put off amazement, and with pa-  
What I shall utter, for the Oracle (tience marke  
Knowes nothing truer, tis not for a night  
Or two that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.

*Amin.* I dreame, — awake *Aminor*.

*Evad.* You heare right,  
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,  
And with my youthfull bloud warme their cold flesh,  
Letting them curl themselves about my limbes,  
Than sleepe one night with thee; this is not faint,  
Nor sounds it like the coynesse of a bride.

*Amin.* Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?  
Are these the joyes of marriage? *Hymen* keepe  
This story (that will make succeeding youth  
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all cares.  
Let it not rise up for thy shame and mine  
To after ages, we will scorne thy lawes,  
If thou no better blisse them, touch the heart  
Of her that thou hast sent me or thee world  
Shall know there's not an altar that will smoke;  
In praise of thee, we will adopt us sonnes,  
Then vertue shall inherit, and not bloud:

THE MARRIAGE TRAGEDY.

If we doe lust, wee'le take the next we meet,  
Serving our selves as other creatures doe,  
And never take note of the female more,  
Nor of her issue. I doe rage in vaine,  
She can but jest ; Oh pardon me my love,  
So deare the thoughts are that I hold of thee,  
That I must breake forth ; satisfie my feare :  
It is a paine beyond the hand of death,  
To be in doubt ; confirme it with an oath,  
If this be true.

*Eusd.* Doe you invent the forme,  
Let there be in it all the binding words  
Divels and Conjurers can put together,  
And I will take it ; I have sworne before,  
And here by all things holy doe againe,  
Never to be acquainted with thy bed.  
Is your doubt over now ?

*Amin.* I know too much, would I had doubted still :  
Was ever such a marriage night as this ?  
You powers above, if you did ever meane  
Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a way  
How he may beare himselfe and save his honour:  
Instruct me in it ; for to my dull eyes  
There is no meane, no moderate course to run.  
I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer :  
Is there a third ? why is this night so calme ?  
Why does not heaven speake in thunder to us,  
And drowne her voyce ?

*Eusd.* This rage will doe no good.

*Amin. Eusdne,* heare me, thou hast tane an oath,  
But such a rash one, that to keepe it, were  
Worse than to sweare it: call it backe to thee,  
Such vowes as those never ascend the heaven,  
A teare or two will wash it quite away :  
Have mercy on my youth, my hopefull youth,  
If thou be pittifull, for (without boast)  
This land was proud of me: what Lady was there

That

## *The Maids Tragedie.*

That men cald faire and vertuous in this Ile,  
That would have shund my love? It is in thee  
- To make me hold this worth ——— Oh we vaine men,  
That trust out all our reputation  
To rest upon the weake and yeelding hand  
Of feeble women! but thou art not stone;  
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell  
The spirit of love, thy heart cannot be hard.  
Come lead me from the bottome of despaire,  
To all the joyes thou hast, I know thou wilt,  
And make me carefull lest the sudden change  
Ore-come my spirits.

*Euad.* When I call backe this oath, the paines of hell inuiron me.

*Amin.* I sleepe, and am too temperate, come to bed, or by  
Those haire, which if thou hast a soule like to thy locks,  
Were threads for Kings to weare  
About their armes.

*Euad.* Why so perhaps they are.

*Amin.* Ile dragge thee to my bed, and make thy tongue  
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh  
Ile print a thousand wounds to let out life.

*Euad.* I feare thee not, doe what thou darst to me,  
Every ill sounding word, or threatening looke  
Thou shew'st to me, will be reveng'd at full.]

*Amin.* It will not sure *Euadne*.

*Euad.* Doe not you hazard that.

*Amin.* Ha ye your Champions?

*Euad.* Alas *Aminitor*, thinkest thou I forbear  
To sleepe with thee, because I have put on  
A maidens strictnesse? looke upon these cheekes,  
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood  
Unapt for such a vow, no, in this heart  
There dwels as much desire, and as much will  
To put that wisht act in practise, as ever yet  
Was knowne to woman, and they have beene showne  
Both, but it was the folly of thy youth,

*The Maids Tragedie.*

To thinke this beauty (to what land doe re:  
It shall be cald) shall stoop to any leaue:  
I doe enjoy the best, and in that light  
Have sworne to stand, or die: you guesse the man.

*Amin.* No, let me know the man that wrongs me so,  
That I may cut his body into mores,  
And scatter it before the Northern wind.

*Evad.* You dare not strike him.

*Amin.* Doe not wrong me so.

Yes, if his body were a poysonous plant,  
That it were deare to touch, I have a soule  
Will throw me on him.

*Evad.* Why tis the King.

*Amin.* The King?

*Evad.* What will you doe now?

*Amin.* Tis not the King.

*Evad.* What did he make this match for dull *Amin*?

*Amin.* Oh thou hast nam'd a word that wipes away

All thoughts revengefull: in that sacred name,

The King, there lyes a terror: what fraile man

Dares lift his hand against it? let the Gods

Speake to him when they please, till when let us

Suffer, and waite.

*Evad.* Why should you fill your selfe so full of heate,

And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.

*Amin.* What divell put it in thy fancy then

To marry me?

*Evad.* Alas, I must have one

To father children, and to beare the name

Of husband to me, that my sinne may be

More honourable.

*Amin.* What a strange thing am I?

*Evad.* A miserable one, one that my selfe

Am sorry for.

*Amin.* Why shew it then in this,

If thou hast pittie, though thy love be none,

Kill me, and all true lovers that shall live

# The Maids Tragedie.

In after ages crost in their desires,  
Shall blesse thy memory, and call thee good,  
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,  
To rid a lingring wretch.

*Evad.* I must have one  
To fill thy roome againe, if thou wert dead,  
Else by this night I would: I pittie thee.

*Amin.* These strange and sudden injuries have false  
So thicke upon me, that I lose all sense  
Of what they are: me thinks I am not wrong'd,  
Nor is it ought, if from the censuring world  
I can but hide it — Reputation,

Thou art a word, no more, but thou hast shovne  
An impudence so high, that to the world  
I feare thou wilt betray or shame thy selfe.

*Evad.* To cover shame Iooke thee, never feare  
That I would blaze my selfe.

*Amin.* Nor let the King.  
Know I conceive he wrongs me, then mine honour  
Will thrust me into action, that my selfe

Could beare with patience, and it is some ease  
To me in these extremes, that I knew this

Before I toucht thee; else had all the sinnes  
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the King,

I had gone through'em to his heart, and thine,  
I have lost one desire, tis not his crowne

Shall buy me to thy bed: now I resolve  
He has dishonour'd thee, give me thy hand,

Be carefull of thy credit, and sin close,  
Tis all I wish, upon thy chamber floore

He rest to night, that morning visiters  
May thinke we did as married people use,

And prethee smile upon me when they come,  
and seeme to toy, as if thou hadst been pleas'd

With what we did.

*Evad.* Feare not, I will doe this.

*Amin.* Come let us practise, and as wantonly

# The Maiden Tragedie

As ever loving bride and bridegroom met; *Exit*  
 Lets laugh and enter here.

*Evad.* I am content.

*Amin.* Downe all the swellings of my troubled heart.  
 When we walke thus intwin'd, let all eyes see  
 If ever lovers better did agree. *Exit.*

*Enter Aspatius, Antiphila, Olympias.*

*Asp.* Away, you are not sad, force it no further.  
 Good gods, how well you look! I such a full colour  
 Yong bashfull brides put on; sure you are new married.

*Ant.* Yes Madame to your grieke.

*Asp.* Alas poore wench,  
 Goe learne to love first, learne to lose your selfe,  
 Learne to be flattered, and believe, and blisse  
 The double tongue that did it.  
 Make a faith out of the miracles of ancient lovers.  
 Did you nere love yet wench? *Speake Olympias,*  
 Such as speake truth and dy'd in't,  
 And like me believe all faithfull, and be miserable,  
 Thou hast an easie temper, fit for flammes.

*Olymp.* Never.

*Asp.* Nor you *Antiphila?*

*Asp.* Then my good girls, be more then women, wise  
 At least, be more then I was, and be sure you credit any  
 thing the light gives light to, before a man; rather believe  
 the sea weepes for the ruin'd merchant, when he sores, rather  
 the wind courts but the pregnant sayles when the  
 strong cordage crackes, rather the sunne comes out to kisse  
 the fruit in wealthy Autumne, when all falls blasted; if you  
 needs must love (forc'd by ill fate) take to your maiden  
 fomes two dead cold aspicks, and of them make lovers, they  
 cannot flatter nor forswear, one kisse makes a long peace  
 for all; but man, oh that beast man!

Come lets be sad my girls,  
 That downe cast of thine eye *Olympias*  
 Shewes a fine sorrow; marke *Antiphila*  
 Lust such another was the Nymph *Evadne*

When



## The Maides Tragedie

When *Paris* brought home *Helen*: now a teare,  
And then thou art a peece expressing fully  
The *Carthag*: *Queen*, when from a cold sea rocke,  
Full with her sorrow, she tyed fast her eyes,  
To the faire *Troian* ships, and having lost them,  
Iust as thine eyes doe, downe stole a teare *Antiphila*:  
What would this wench doe, if she were *Aspatia*?  
Here she would stand, till some more pittying god  
Turnd her to marble: 'tis enough my wench,  
Shew me the peece of needle worke you wrought.

*Ant. Of Ariadne* Madam?

*Asp.* Yes that peece.

This should be *Thebes*, has a counteney face,

You meant him for a man.

*Ant.* He was so Madam.

*Asp.* Why then 'tis well enough, never looke backe,  
You have a full winde, and a false heart *Thebes*,  
Does not the story say, his Keele was split,  
Or his Masts spent, or some kinde rocke or other  
Met with his vessell?

*Ant.* Not as I remember.

*Asp.* It should ha beene so, could the gods know this,  
And not of all their number raise a storme,  
But they are all as ill. This false smile was well exprest,  
Iust such another caught me, you shall not goe so *Antiphila*,  
In this place worke a quicke sand,  
And over it a shallow smiling water,  
And his ship plowing it, and then a scate,  
Doe that feare to the life wench.

*Ant.* Twill wrong the storie.

*Asp.* Twill make the story wrong'd by wanton Poetrie,  
Live long and be beleev'd, but where's the Lady?

*Ant.* There Madam.

*Asp.* Fie, you have mist it here *Antiphila*,  
You are much mistaken wench,  
These colours are not dull and pale enough,  
To shew a soule so full of misery.

*The Maids Tragedie.*

As this sad Ladies was, doe it by me,  
Doe it againe, by me the lost *Aspatia*,  
And you shall find all true but the wilde Ilands;  
I stand upon the sea breach now, and thinke  
Mine armes thus, and mine haire blowne with the wind,  
Wilde as that desert, and let all about me  
Tell that I am forsaken, doe my face  
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)  
Thus, thus, *Antiphras* strive to make me looke  
Like sorrowes monument, and the trees about me  
Let them be dry and leavellesse, let the rocks  
Groane with continuall surges, and behind me  
Make all a desolation, looke, looke wenches,  
A miserable life of this poore picture.

*Olim.* Deere Madam.

*Asp.* I have done, sit downe, and let us

Upon that point fixe all our eyes, that point there;  
Make a dull silence till you feele a sudden sadnesse,  
Give us new sonles.

*Enter Calianax.*

*Cal.* The King may doe this, and he may not doe it;  
My child is wrong'd, disgrac'd: well, how now huswives?  
What at your ease? Is this a time to sit still? up you young  
Lazie whores, up or else swenge you.

*Olim.* Nay good my Lord,

*Cal.* You'l die downe shortly, get you in and worke,  
What are you growne so resty? you want heaves,  
We shall have some of the Court boyes doe that office,

*Ant.* My Lord, we doe no more then we are charg'd:  
It is the Ladies pleasure we be thus in griefe,  
Shee is forsaken.

*Cal.* There's a roguetoo,  
A yong dissembling slave, well, get you in,  
He have a bout with that boy, 'tis high time  
Now to be valiant, I confesse my youth  
Was never prone that way: what made an ass  
A Court stale? well I will be valiant,  
And beate some dozen of these whelps, I will, and there's

*Another*

## The Maids Tragedie.

Another of 'em, a trim cheating souldier,  
He maule that rascall, has out-brav'd me twice,  
But now I thanke the gods I am valiant,  
Goe, get you in, He take a course withall! *Exeunt Omnes.*

### Actus Tertius.

*Enter Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.*

**C** L E. Your sister is not up yet.

**Diph.** Oh, Brides must take their mornings rest,  
The night is troublesome!

**Strat.** But not tedious.

**Diph.** What ods, hee has not my sisters maiden-head to

**Strat.** No, its ods against any Bridegroom living, he nere  
gets it while he lives.

**Diph.** Yare merry with my sister, you're pleas'd to allow  
me the same freedome with your mother.

**Strat.** Shee's at your service.

**Diph.** Then shee's merry enough of her selfe, shee needs not  
tickling, knocke at the dore,

**Strat.** We shall interrupt them.

**Diph.** No matter, they have the yeere before them.  
Good morrow sister, spare your selfe to day, the night will  
come againe.

*Enter Aminitor.*

**Amin.** Whos there, my brother? I am no readier yet,  
your sister is but now up.

**Diph.** You looke as you had lost your eyes to night, I  
thinke you ha not slept.

**Amin.** I saith I have not.

**Diph.** You have done better ther.

**Amin.** We ventured for a boy, when he is twelve;  
A shall command against the foes of Rhodes,

**Strat.** You cannot, you want sleepe.

**Amin.** 'Tis true, but she *aside,*

## The Maids Tragedie:

As if she had drunke *Leibe*, or had made  
Even with heaven, did fetch so still a sleepe,  
So sweete and sound,

*Diph.* Whats that?

*Amin.* Your sister frets this morning, and does turne her  
eyes upon me, as people on their headsmen, she does chafe,  
and kisse, and chafe againe, and clap my cheekes, shees in  
another world.

*Diph.* Then I had lost, I was about to lay, you had not  
got her maiden-head to night.

*Amin.* Ha, he does not mocke me, y<sup>e</sup> ad lost indeed,  
I doe not use to bungle.

*Cleo.* You doe deserve her.

*Amin.* I laid my lips to hers, and what wild breath  
That was so rude and rough to me, last night  
Was sweet as Aprill, Ile be guiley too,  
It these be the effects.

*Enter Melantius.*

*Mel.* Good day *Amin.* for to me the name  
Of brother is too distant, we are friends,  
And that is nearer.

*Amin.* Deare *Melantius*.

Let me behold thee, is it possible?

*Mel.* What sudden gaze is this?

*Amin.* Tis wondrous strange.

*Mel.* Why does thine eye desire so strict a view  
Of that it knowes so well? there's nothing here  
That is not thine.

*Amin.* I wonder much *Melantius*.

To see those noble looks that make me thinke  
How vertuous thou art, and on the sudden  
'Tis strange to me, thou shouldst have worth and honour,  
Or not be base and false, and treacherous,  
And every ill. But

*Mel.* Stay, stay my friend,  
I feare this sound will not become our loves, no more em-

*Amin.* Oh mistake me not,  
I know thee to be full of all those deede,

(brace me.

:That

## *The Maids Tragedie.*

That we fraile men call good, but by the course  
Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd  
As are the winds, dissembling, as the sea,  
That now weares browes as smooth as virgines be,  
Tempting the Merchant to invade his face,  
And in an houre cals his billowes up,  
And shoots 'em at the Sun destroying all  
A carries on him. O how neere am I *aside,*  
To utter my sicke thoughts!

*Mel.* But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?

*Amin.* I have wed thy sister, who hath vertuous thoughts  
Enough for one whole family, and it is strange  
That you should feele no want.

*Mel.* Beleev me, this complement too cunning for me.

*Dip.* What should I be then by the course of nature,  
They having both rob'd me of so much vertue?

*Sra.* O call the bride, my Lord *Amin*, that wee may  
see her blush, and turne her eyes downe, it is the prettiest  
sport.

*Amin. Enter.*

*Evad.* My Lord.

*Wubin.*

*Amin.* Come forth my love,  
Your brothers doe attend to wish you joy.

*Evad.* I am not ready yet.

*Amin.* Enough, enough.

*Evad.* They'll mocke me.

*Amin.* Faith thou shalt come in.

*Enter Evadne.*

*Mel.* Good morrow sister, he that understands  
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy.  
You have enough, take heed you be not proud.

*Dip.* O sister what have you done?

*Evad.* I done, why what have I done?

*Sra.* My Lord *Amin* swears you are no maid now.

*Evad.* Push.

*Sra.* I faith he does,

*Evad.* I knew I should be mockt.

*Dip.* With a truth.

E

*Evad.*

## The Maides Tragedie.

*Evad.* If twere to doe againe; in faith I would not marry.

*Amin* Not I by heaven.

*aside.*

*Dip.* Sister, *Dula* sweares she heard you cry two roomes off.

*Evad.* Fie how you talke.

*Diph.* Lets see you walke.

*Evad.* By my troth y<sup>e</sup> are spoild.

*Mel. Amintor.*

*Amin.* Ha.

*Mel.* Thou art sad.

*Amin.* Who I? I thanke you for that, shall *Dipilus* thou and I sing a catch?

*Me.* How?

*Amin.* Prethee lets.

*Mel.* Nay that's too much the other way.

*Amin.* I am so lightned with my happinesse: how dost thou love? kisse me.

*Evad.* I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.

*Amin.* Nothing but what becomes us: Gentlemen,

Would you had all such wives, and all the world,

That I might be no wonder, y<sup>e</sup> are all sad;

What doe you envie me? I walke me thinkes

On water, and nere sinke, I am so light.

*Mel.* Tis well you are so.

*Amin.* Well? how can I be other when she lookes thus?

Is there no musicke there? let's dance.

*Mel.* Why? this is strange, *Amintor.*

*Amin.* I do not know my self, yet I could wish my joy were

*Dip.* He marry too, if it will make one thus. *(lesse.*

*Evad.* *Amintor* harke.

*aside.*

*Amin.* What sayes my love? I must obey.

*Evad.* You doe it scurvily, t will be penceiv'd.

*Cle.* My Lord the King is here.

*Enter King and Lifs.*

*Amin.* Where?

*Str.* And his brother.

*King.* Good morrow all,

*Amintor* joy on joy fall thicke upon thee,

And Madame you are alterd since I saw you,

I must salute you, you are now anothers.

How lik't you your nights rest?

*Evad.* Ill Sit.

*Amin.* I. deed she tooke but little.

*Lif.*

## *The Maids Tragedie.*

*Lis.* You'l let her take more, and thanke her too shortly.

*King.* *Aminor* wert thou truly honest till thou wert  
*Amin.* Yes sir. (married?)

*King.* Tell me then, how shewes the sport unto thee?

*Amin.* Why well. *King.* What did you doe?

*Amin.* No more nor lesse than other couples use,  
You know what tis, it has but a course name.

*King.* But prethee, I should thinke by her blacke eye,  
And her red cheeke, she should be quicke and stirring  
In this same businesse, ha?

*Amin.* I cannot tell, I nere tride other sir, but I perceiue  
She is as quicke as you delivered.

*King.* Well, you le trust me then *Aminor*,  
To choose a wife for you agen.

*Amin.* No never sir.

*King.* Why? like you this so ill?

*Amin.* So well I like her.

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,  
And unto heaven will pay my gratefull tribute  
Hourely, and doe hope we shall draw out  
A long contented life together here,  
And dye both full of gray haire in one day,  
For which the thanks is yours, but if the powers  
That rule us, please to call her first away,  
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife  
Worthy to take her roome.

*King.* I doe not like this, all forbear the roome  
But you *Aminor* and your Lady, I have some speech with  
you, that may concerne your after living well.

*Amin.* A will not tell me that he lies with her: if he doe,  
Something heavenly stay my heart, for I shall be apt  
To thrust this arme of mine to acts unlawfull.

*King.* You will suffer me to talke with her *Aminor*,  
And not have a jealous pang.

*Amin.* Sir, I dare trust my wife  
With whom she dares to talke, and not be jealous.

*King.* How doe you like *Aminor*?



*The Maids Tragedie.*

*Euad.* As I did fir, *King.* how's that?

*Euad.* As one that to fulfill your will and pleasure,  
I have given leave to call me wife and love,

*King.* I see there is no lasting faith in sin,  
They that breake word with heaven, will breake agen  
With all the world, and so doest thou with me.

*Euad.* How fir?

*King.* This subtil womans ignorance  
Will not excuse you, thou hast taken oathes  
So great, me thought they did not well become  
A womans mouth, that thou wouldst nere enjoy  
A man but me.

*Euad.* I never did sweare so, you doe me wrong.

*King.* Day and night have heard it.

*Euad.* I swore indeed that I would never love  
A man of lower place; but if your fortune  
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust  
I would forsake you, and would bend to him  
That won your throne, I love with my ambition,  
Not with my eyes, but if I ever yet  
Tought any other, Leprosie light here  
Upon my face, which for your royalty  
I would not staine.

*King.* Why thou dissemblest, and it is in me,  
To punish thee.

*Euad.* Why, it is in me then, not to love you, which will  
More afflict your body, then your punishment can mine.

*King.* But thou hast let *Aminor* lye with thee.

*Euad.* I haunot.

*King.* Impudence, he sayes himsele so.

*Euad.* A lies.

*King.* A does not.

*Euad.* By this light he does, strangely and basely, and  
Ileprove it so, I did not shun him for a night,  
But told him, I would never close with him,

*King.* Speake lower, tis false.

*Euad.* I no man to answer with a blow, (true.  
Or if I were, you are the King, but urge me not, tis most  
*King.*

*The Maids Tragedie.*

*King.* Doe not I know the uncontrouled thoughts  
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high,  
With expectation and desire of that  
He long hath waited for? is not his spirit  
Though he be temperate, of a valiant straine,  
As this our age hath knowne? what could he doe  
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,  
But ruine thee for ever? if he had not kild thee,  
He could not beare it thus, he is as we  
Or any other wrong'd man.

*Euad.* It is dissembling.

*King.* Take him, farewell, henceforth I am thy foe,  
And what disgraces I can blot thee, looke for.

*Euad.* Stay sir; *Aminor*, you shall heare *Aminor*.

*Amin.* What my Love?

*Euad.* *Aminor*, thou hast an ingenious looke,  
And shouldst be vertuous, it amazeth me,  
That thou canst make such base malicious lies.

*Amin.* What my deare wife?

*Euad.* Deare wife? I doe despise thee,  
Why nothing can be baser than to sow  
Dissention amongst Lovers.

*Amin.* Lovers? vvho?

*Euad.* The King and me.

*Amin.* O heaven!

*Euad.* Who should live long and love without distast,  
Were it not for such pickthankes as thy selfe.  
Did you lie with me? sweare now, and be punisht in hell!  
For this,

*Amin.* The faithlesse sin I made  
To faire *Aspatia*, is not yet reveng'd,  
It followes me, I will not loose a word  
To this wild woman, but to you my King,  
The anguish of my soule thrusts out this truth,  
Y'are a tyrant, and not so much to wrong;  
An honest man thus, as to take a pride  
In talking with him of it.

*The Maids Tragedie.*

*Enad.* Now fir, see how lowd this fellow lied.

*Amin.* You that can know to wrong, should know how  
Men must right themselves : what punishment is due  
From me to him that shall abuse my bed?

It is not death, nor can that satisfie,  
-Unlesse I send your lives through all the Land,  
To shew how nobly I have freed my selfe.

*King.* Draw not thy sword, thou knowest I cannot feare  
A subjects hand ; but thou shalt feele the weight of this  
If thou dost rage.

*Amin.* The weight of that ?

If you have any worth, for heavens sake thinke  
I feare not swords, for as you are meere man  
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,  
As you dare thinke to doe it ; but there is  
Divinitie about you, that strikes dead  
My rising passions : as you are my King  
I fall before you, and present my sword  
To cut mine owne flesh, if it be your will.

Alas ! I am nothing but a multitude  
Of walking griefs ; yet should I murder you,  
I might before the world take the excuse  
Of madnesse : for compare my injuries,  
and they will well appeare too sad a weight  
For reason to endure ; but fall, I first  
Amongst my sorrowes, ere my treacherous hand  
Touch holy things : but why ? I know not what  
I have to say, why did you choose out me  
To make thus wretched ? there were thousands fooles  
Easie to work on, and of state enough  
Within the Iland.

*Enad.* I would not have a foole, it were no credit for me.

*Amin.* Worse and worse :

Thou that dar'st talke unto thy husband thus,  
Professe thy selfe a whore ; and more then so,  
Resolve to be so still ; it is my fate  
To beare and bow beneath a thousand griefes,

## The Maides Tragedie.

To keep that little credit with the world. (there  
But there were wise ones too; you might have tane ano-

King. No; for I beleve thee honest, as thou wert valiant.

Amin. All the happineſſe:

Bestow'd upon me, turnes into disgrace,  
Gods take your honesty againe, for I  
Am loaden with it, good my Lord the King.  
Be private in it.

King. Thou mayst live *Aminor*,  
Free as thy King, if thou wilt wink at this,  
And be a meane that we may meet in secret.

Amin. A baud, hold, hold my breast, a bitter curse  
Seize me, if I forget not all respects  
That are religious, on another word  
Sounded like that, and through a sea of finnes  
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call  
Paines here, and after life upon my soule.

King. Well, I am resolute you lay not with her,  
And so leave you. *Exit King.*

Euad. You must be prating, and see what follows.

Amin. Prethe vex me not,

Leave me, I am afraid some sudden start  
Will pull a murther on me.

Euad. I am gone, I love my life well. *Exit Euad.*

Amin. I hate mine as much.

This 'tis to breake a troth, I should be glad,  
If all this tide of griefe would make me mad. *Exit.*

*Enter Melantius.*

Mel. He know the cause of all *Aminors* griefes,  
Or friendship shall beidle. *Enter Calianax.*

Cal. O *Melantius*, my daughter will dye.

Mel. Trust me, I am sorry, would thou hadst tane her room.

Cal. Thou art a slave, a cut-throat slave, a bloody treache-  
rous slave.

Mel. Take heed old man, thou wilt be heard to rave,  
And lose thine Offices.

Cal. I am valiant growne,

*exit.* At

## *The Maids Tragedie.*

At all these yeares, and thou art but a slave.

*Mel.* Leave, some company will come, and I respect  
Thy yeares, not thee so much, that I could wish  
To laugh at thee alone.

*Cal.* He spoyle your minth, I meant to fight with thee,  
There lye my cloake, this was my fathers sword,  
And he durst fight, are you prepar'd?

*Mel.* Why? wilt thou doate thy selfe out of thy life?  
Hence get thee to bed, have carefull looking to, and eate  
warne things, and trouble not mee: my head is full of  
thoughts, more weighty than thy life or death can be.

*Cal.* You have a name in warre, when you stand safe  
Amongst a multitude, but I will try  
What you dare doe unto a weake old man  
In single fight, you'l ground I feare:  
Come draw.

*Mel.* I will not draw, unlesse thou pulst thy death  
Upon thee with a stroke, there's no one blow  
That thou canst give, hath strength enough to kill me:  
Tempt me not so farre then, the power of earth  
Shall not redeeme thee.

*Cal.* I must let him alone, he's stout and able, and to say the truth,  
How ever I may set a face, and talke,  
I am not valiant: when I was a youth,  
I kept my credit with a testie trick I had,  
Amongst cowards, but durst never fight.

*Mel.* I will not promise to preserve your life if you doe  
stay.

*Cal.* I would give halfe my land that I durst fight with  
that proud man a little: if I had men to hold, I would  
beat him till he ask me mercy.

*Mel.* Sir, will you be gone?

*Cal.* I dare not stay, but I will goe home, and beate my  
servants all over for this. *Exit Callanar.*

*Mel.* This old fellow haunts me,  
But the distracted carriage of mine *Aminor*

*Takes*

## *The Maides Tragedie.*

Takes deeply on me, I will finde the cause,  
I feare his conscience cries, he wrong'd *Aspatia*.

*Enter Amintor.*

*Amin.* Mens eyes are not so subtile to perceive  
My inward misery, I beare my grieffe  
Hid from the world, how art thou wretched then?  
For ought I know, all husbands are like mee,  
And every one I talke with of his wife,  
Is but a well dissembler of his woes  
As I am, would I knew it, for the rarenesse  
Afflicts me now.

*Mel. Amintor,* We have not enjoy'd our friendship of late,  
for we were wont to charge our soules in talke.

*Amin. Melantius,* I can tell thee a good jest of *Strato* and a  
Lady the last day.

*Mel.* How wast?

*Amint.* Why such an odde one.

*Mel.* I have long'd to speake with you, not of an idle jest  
that's forc'd, but of matter you are bound to utter to me..

*Amin.* What is that my friend?

*Mel.* I have observ'd, your words fall from your tongue  
Wildly, and all your carriage  
Like one that strove to shew his merry mood,  
When he were ill dispos'd: you were not wont  
To put such scorne into your speech, or weare  
Upon your face ridiculous jollitie:  
Some sadnesse fits here, which your cunning would  
Cover ore with smiles, and twill not be:  
What is it?

*Amint.* A sadnesse here? what cause  
Can fate provide for me, to make me so?  
Am I not lov'd through all this Isle? the King  
Raines greatnesse on me: have I not received  
A Lady to my bed, that in her eye  
Keepes mounting fire, and on her tender checks,  
Inevitable colour, in her heart

F

A prison

*The Maides Tragedie.*

A prison for all vertue, are not you,  
Which is above all joyes, my constant friend ?  
What sadnesse can I have ? no I am light,  
And feele the courses of my blood more warme  
And stirring then they were ; faith mary too,  
And you will feele so unexpressed a joy  
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed  
Appeare another.

*Mel.* You may shape, *Aminor*,  
Causes to cozen the whole world withall,  
And your selfe too, but tis not like a friend,  
To hide your soule from me : tis not your nature  
To be thus idle, I have seene you stand  
As you were blasted, midst of all your mirth,  
Call thrice aloud, and then start, faining joy  
So coldly : world ! what doe I here ? a friend  
Is nothing : heaven ! I would ha told that man  
My secret sinnes, Ile search an unknowne land,  
And there plant friendship, all is withered here,  
Come with a complement, I would have fought,  
Or told my friend a lied, ere soothd him so ;  
Out of my bosome.

*Amin.* But there is nothing.

*Mel.* Worse and worse, farewell ;

From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.

*Amin.* *Melantius*, stay, you shall know what that is.

*Mel.* See how you playd with friendship, be advis'd  
How you give cause unto your selfe to say,  
You ha lost a friend.

*Amin.* Forgive what I have done,  
For I am so ore-gone with injuries  
Unheard of, that I lose consideration  
Of what I ought to doe,—oh—oh.

*Mel.* Doe not weepe, what ist ?  
May I once but know the man  
Hath turnd my friend thus ?

*Amin.* I had spoke at first, but that.

*Mel.*



*The Maides Tragedie:*

*Mel.* But what?

*Amin.* I held it most unfit

For you to know, faith doe not know it yet.

*Mel.* Thou seest my love, that will keepe company  
With thee in teares; hide nothing then from me,  
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,  
With mine owne armour ile adorne my selfe,  
My resolution, and cut through thy foes,  
Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart  
As peaceable as spotlesse innocence,  
What is it?

*Amin.* Why tis this,—it is too bigge  
To get out, let my teares make way awhile.

*Mel.* Punish me strangely heaven, if he scape  
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this.

*Amin.* Your sister.

*Mel.* Well said.

*Amin.* You'l wish't unknowne when you have heard it.

*Mel.* No.

*Amin.* Is much to blame,  
And to the King has given her honour up,  
And lives in whoredome with him.

*Mel.* How, this?

Thou art run mad with injury indeed,  
Thou couldst not utter this else, speake againe,  
For I forgive it freely, tell thy griefes.

*Amin.* She's wanton, I am loth to say a whore,  
Though it be true.

*Mel.* Speak yet againe, before mine anger grow  
Up beyond throwing downe, what are thy griefes?

*Amin.* By all our friendship, these.

*Mel.* What? am I tame?

After mine actions, shall the name of friend  
Blot all our family, and strike the brand  
Of whore upon my sister unreveng'd?  
My shaking flesh be thour a witnesse for me,  
With what unwillingnesse I goe to scourge

## *The Maides Tragedie.*

This rayler, whom my folly hath cald friend;  
I will not take thee basely, thy sword  
Hangs neere thy hand, draw it, that I may whip  
Thy rashnesse to repentance, draw thy sword.

*Amin.* Not on thee, did thine anger swell as hie  
As the wilde surges: thou shouldst doe me ease,  
Here; and eternally, if thy noble hand  
Would cut me from my sorrowes.

*Mel.* This is base,  
And fearefull, they that use to utter lies,  
Provide not blowes, but words to qualifie  
The men they wrongd; thou hast a guilty cause.

*Amin.* Thou pleasest me, for so much more like this,  
Will raise my anger up above my griefes,  
Which is a passion easier to be borne,  
And I shall then be happy,

*Mel.* Take then more, to raise thine anger. Tis meere  
Cowardise makes thee not draw, and I will leave thee dead  
However, but if thou art so much prest  
With guilt and feare, as not to dare to fight,  
Ile make thy memory loath'd, and fixe a scandall  
Upon thy name for ever.

*Amin.* Then I draw,  
As justly as our Magistrates their swords,  
To cut offenders off; I knew before  
Thwould grate your eares, but it was base in you  
To urge a waighty secret from your friend,  
And then rage at it, I shall bee at ease  
If I be kild, and if you fall by me,  
I shall not long out-live you.

*Mel.* Stay a while,  
The name offriend is more then family,  
Or all the world besides; I was a foole.  
Thou searching humane nature, that didst wake  
To doe me wrong, thou art inquisitive,  
And thrusts me upon questions that will take  
My sleepe away, would I had died ere knowne

This

## *The Maides Tragedie.*

This sad dishonor, pardon mee my friend,  
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithfull heart,  
Pierce, it for I will never heave my hand  
To thine, behold the power thou hast in me,  
I doe believe my sister is a whore,  
A leprous one, put up thy sword yong man.

*Amin.* How should I beare it then she being so?  
I feare my friend that you will lose me shortly,  
And I shall doe a foule act on my selfe  
Through these disgraces.

*Mel.* Better halfe the land  
Were buried quick together, no, *Aminor*,  
Thou shalt have ease: O this adultrous King  
That drew her to't, where got he the spirit  
To wrong me so?

*Amin.* What is it then to me,  
If it be wrong to you?

*Mel.* Why not so much: the credit of our house  
Is throwne away,  
But from his iron den I'le waken death,  
And hurle him on this King, my honesty  
Shall steale my sword, and on its horrid point  
Ile weare my cause, that shall amaze the eyes  
Of this proud man, and be too glittering  
For him to looke on:

*Amin.* I have quite undone my fame.

*Mel.* Drie up thy watry eyes,  
And cast a manly looke upon my face,  
For nothing is so wilde as I thy friend  
Till I have freed thee, still this swelling brest;  
I got thus from thee, and will never cease  
My vengeance, till I finde my heart at peace.

*Amin.* It must not be so, stay, mine eyes would tell  
How loth I am to this, but love and teares  
Leave me a while, for I have hazarded  
All that this world calls happy, thou hast wrought  
A secret from me under name of friend,

## *The Maides Tragedie.*

Which Art could nere have found, nor torture wrung  
From out my bosome, give it me agen,  
For I will find it wheresoere it lies  
Hid in the mortal'st part, invent a way  
To give it backe.

*Mel.* Why would you have it backe?  
I will to death pursue him with revenge.

*Amin.* Therefore I call it backe from thee, for I know  
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stirre in this, and shame me  
to posterity: take to thy weapon.

*Mel.* Heare thy friend, that beares more yeares then thou.

*Amin.* I will not heare: but draw, or I——

*Mel.* *Aminor.*

*Amin.* Draw then, for I am full as resolute  
As fame and honour can inforce me be,  
I cannot linger, draw.

*Mel.* I doe——but is not  
My share of credit equall with thine,  
If I do stirre?

*Amin.* No; for it will be cold  
Honor in thee to spill thy sisters blood,  
If she her birth abuse, and on the King  
A brave revenge: but on me that have walkt  
With patience in it, it will fixe the name  
Of fearefull cuckold,——O that word! be quicke.

*Mel.* Then joyne with me.

*Amin.* I dare not doe a sinne, or else I would: be speedy.

*Mel.* Then dare not fight with me, for that's a sin.  
His griefe distracts him, call thy thoughts agen,  
And to thy selfe pronounce the name of friend,  
And see what that will worke, I will not fight.

*Amin.* You must.

*Mel.* I will be kild first, though my passions  
Offerd the like to you, tis not this earth  
Shall buy my reason to it, thinke a while,  
For you are (I must weepe when I speake that)  
Almost besides your selfe.

*Amin.* Oh my soft temper,

## The Maides Tragedie.

So many sweet words from thy sisters mouth,  
I am afraid would make me take her  
To embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,  
And know not what I doe, yet have a care  
Of me in what thou doest. (save

*Mel.* Why thinks my friend I will forget his honor, or to  
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,  
And feare to touch the throne of Majestie?

*Amin.* A curse will follow that, but rather live  
And suffer with me.

*Mel.* I will doe what worth shall bid me, and no more.

*Amin.* Faith I am sicke, and desperately I hope,  
Yet leaning thus I feele a kinde of ease.

*Mel.* Come take agen your mirth about you.

*Amin.* I shall never do't.

*Mel.* I warrant you, looke up, wee le walke together,  
Put thine arme here, all shall be well agen.

*Amin.* Thy love, O wretched, I thy love *Melantius*, why  
I have nothing else.

*Mel.* Be merry then: *Exeunt. Enter Melantius agen.*

*Mel.* This worthy yong man may doe violence  
Upon himselfe, but I have cherisht him,  
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me  
To counterfeite againe, sword hold thine edge,  
My heart will never faile me: *Diphilus*,  
Thou comst as sent.

*Enter Diphilus.*

*Diph.* Yonder has beene such laughing.

*Mel.* Betwixt whom?

*Diph.* Why our sister and the King,  
I thought their spleenes would break,  
They laught us all out of the roome.

*Mel.* They must weepe *Diphilus*.

*Diph.* Must they?

*Mel.* They must: thou art my brother, and if I did believe  
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,  
Lie where it durst.

*Diph.* You should not, I would first mangle my selfe,  
and

*The Maides Tragedie.*

and find it.

*Mel.* That was spoke according to our straine, come,  
Joynethy hands to mine,  
And sweare a firmenesse to what project I  
Shall lay before thee.

*Diph.* You doe wrong us both,  
People hereafter shall not say there past  
A bond more than our loves to tie our lives  
And deaths together.

*Mel.* It is as nobly said as I would wish,  
Anon Ile tell you wonders, we are wrong'd.

*Diph.* But I will tell you now, weel right our selves.

*Mel.* Stay not, prepare the armour in my house,  
And what friends you can draw unto our side,  
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too,  
Haste *Diphilus*, the time requires it, haste. *Exit Diphilus.*  
I hope my cause is just, I know my blood  
Tels me it is, and I will credit it:

To take revenge and lose my selfe withall,  
Were idle, and to scape impossible,  
Without I had the fort, which miserie  
Remayning in the hands of my old enemy  
*Calianax*, but I must have it, see *Enter Calianax.*  
Where he comes shaking by me: good my Lord  
Forget your spleene to me, I never wrong'd you,  
But would have peace with every man.

*Cal.* Tis well;

If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

*Mel.* You are touchie without all cause.

*Cal.* Doe, moske me.

*Mel.* By mine honour I speake truth.

*Cal.* Honor? where ist?

*Mel.* See what starts you make into your hatred to my  
love and freedome to you, \_\_\_\_\_  
I come with resolution to obtaine a sute  
Of you.

*Cal.* A sute of me? tis very like it should be granted sir.

*Mel.*

## *The Maides Tragedie.*

*Mel.* Nay, goe not hence,  
Tis this, you have the keeping of the Fort,  
And I would wish you by the love you ought  
To beare unto me, to deliver it  
Into my hands.

*Cal.* I am in hope thou art mad, to talke to me thus.

*Mel.* But there is a reason to move you to it, *I* would kill  
the king that wrong'd you and your daughter.

*Cal.* Out traytor.

*Mel.* Nay but stay, *I* cannot scape, the deed once done,  
Without *I* have this fort.

*Cal.* And should *I* helpe thee ? now thy treacherous minde  
betrayes it selfe.

*Mel.* Come, delay me not,  
Give me a sudden answer, or already  
Thy last is spoke, refuse not offered love,  
When it comes clad in secrets.

*Cal.* If *I* say *I* will not, he will kill me, *I* doe see't writ  
In his lookes ; and should *I* say *I* will, hee'l run and tell the  
King : *I* doe not shun your friendship deare *Melantius*,  
But this cause is weighty, give me but an houre to thinke.

*Mel.* Take it, ——— *I* know this goes unto the king,  
But *I* am arm'd.

*Exit Melantius.*

*Cal.* Me thinkes *I* feele my selfe  
But twenty now agen, this fighting foole  
Wants policie, *I* shall revengemy girle,  
And make her red againe, *I* pray, my leggs  
Will last that pace that *I* will carry them,  
*I* shall want breath before *I* finde the King.

## *Actus Quartus.*

*Enter Melantius, Euadne, and a Lady.*

**M** *Elant.* Save you.  
*Euad.* Save you sweet brother.

G

*Mel.*



## *The Maides Tragedie.*

*Mel.* In my blunt eye me thinkes you looke *Euadne*.

*Euad.* Come, you would make me blush.

*Mel.* I would *Euadne*, I shall displease my ends else.

*Euad.* You shall if you command me, I am bashfull,

Come sir, how doe I looke ?

*Mel.* I would not have your women heare me  
Breake into commendation of you, 'tis not seemly.

*Euad.* Goe waite me in the gallery—now speake.

*Mel.* Ile locke the dore first.

*Exeunt Ladies.*

*Euad.* Why ?

*Mel.* I will not have your guilded things that dance  
In visitation with their Millan skins

Choke up my businesse.

*Euad.* You are strangely dispos'd sir.

*Mel.* Good Madam, not to make you merry.

*Euad.* No, if you praise me, 'twill make me sad.

*Mel.* Such a sad commendations I have for you.

*Euad.* Brother, the Court has made you wittie,  
And learne to riddle.

*Mel.* I praise the Court for't, has it learned you nothing ?

*Euad.* Me ?

*Mel.* I *Euadne*, thou art young and handsome,  
A Lady of a sweet complexion,

And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot

Chuse but inflame a Kingdome.

*Euad.* Gentle brother.

*Mel.* 'Tis yet in thy remembrance foolish woman,  
To make me gentle.

*Euad.* How is this ?

*Mel.* 'Tis base,

And I could blush at these yeares, thorough all  
My honour'd scarres, to come to such a parly.

*Euad.* I understand you not.

*Mel.* You dare not foole,  
They that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance.

*Euad.* My faults sir, I would have you know I care not  
If they were w r t en here, here in my forehead.

*Mel.*

## *The Maides Tragedie.*

*Mel.* Thy body is too little for the story,  
The lusts of which would fill another woman,  
Though she had twins within her.

*Euad.* This is sawcie,  
Looke you intrude no more, there lyes your way.

*Mel.* Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee.  
Till I find truth out.

*Euad.* What truth is that you looke for?

*Mel.* Thy long lost honour: would the gods had set me  
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand  
One of their lowdest bolts, come tell me quickly,  
Doe it without enforcement, and take heed  
You swell me not above my temper.

*Euad.* How sir? where got you this report?

*Mel.* Where there was people, in every place.

*Euad.* They and the seconds of it are base people,  
Beleeve them not, they lyed.

*Mel.* Doe not play with mine anger, doe not wretch,  
I come to know that desperate foole that drew thee;  
From thy faire life, be wise, and lay him open.

*Euad.* Unhand me, and learne manners, such another  
Forgetfulnesse forfets your life.

*Mel.* Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me  
Whose whore you are, for you are one, I know it,  
Let all mine honours perish but Ile find him;  
Though he lye lockt up in thy blood, be sudden.  
There is no facing it, and be not flattered,  
The burnt ayre when the *Dog* raignes, is not fouler  
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance  
( If the gods grant thee any ) purge thy sicknesse.

*Euad.* Be gone: you are my brother, that's your safety.

*Mel.* Ile be a wolfe first, 'tis to be thy brother  
An infamy below the sin of coward:  
I am as farre from being part of thee,  
As thou art from thy vertue, seeke a kindred  
Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy brother,  
A goat is cooler; will you tell me yet?

## *The Maides Tragedie.*

*Evad.* If you stay here and raile thus, I shall tell you,  
Ile ha you whipt, get you to your command,  
And there preach to your Centinels,  
And tell them what a brave man you are, I shall laugh at you.

*Mel.* Y<sup>e</sup> are growne a glorious whore, where be your  
Fighters? what mortall foole durst raise thee to this daring,  
And I alive? by my just sword, ha'd safer  
Bestride a billow when the angry North  
Plowes up the sea, or made heavens fire his food;  
Worke me no higher, will you discover yet?

*Evad.* The fellow's mad, sleepe and speake sense.

*Mel.* Force my swolne heart no further, I would save thee,  
your great maintainers are not here, they dare not, would  
they were all, and armed, I would speake lowd, here's one  
should thunder to'em: will you tell me? thou hast no hope to  
scape, hee that dares most, and dams away his soule to doe  
thee service, will sooner fetch meat from a hungry Lyon,  
than come to rescue thee; thou hast death about thee: has un-  
done thine honour, payson'd thy vertue, and of a lovely rose,  
left thee a canker.

*Evad.* Let me consider.

*Mel.* Doe, whose childe thou wert,  
Whose honour thou hast murdered, whose grave open'd  
And so puld on the Gods, that in their justice  
They must restore him flesh agen and life,  
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandall,

*Evad.* The gods are not of my minde, they had better  
let 'em lye sweet still in the earth, they'l stinke here.

*Mel.* Doe you raise much out of my easinesse?  
For sake me then all weakenesse of nature,  
That make men women, speake you whore, speake truth;  
Or by the deare soule of thy sleeping father,  
This sword shall be thy lover, tell, or Ile kill thee,  
And when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.

*Evad.* You will not murder me.

*Mel.* No, tis a justice, and a noble one,  
To put the light out of such base offenders.

*Evad.*

## *The Maides Tragedie.*

*Euad.* Helpe.

*Mel.* By thy foule selfe, no humane helpe shall helpe thee;  
If thou criest, when I have kild thee, as I have  
Vow'd to doe, if thou confesse not, naked as thou hast left  
Thine honour, will I leave thee,  
That on thy branded flesh the world may read  
Thy blacke shame and my iustice, wilt thou bend yet ?

*Euad.* Yes.

*Mel.* Up and begin your story.

*Euad.* Oh I am miserable.

*Mel.* Tis true, thou art, speake truth still.

*Euad.* I have offended, noble Sir, forgive me.

*Mel.* With what secure slave ?

*Euad.* Doe not aske me sir,  
Mine owne remembrance is a misery  
Too mightie for me.

*Mel.* Doe not fall backe againe, my sword's unsheath'd yet.

*Euad.* What shall I doe ?

*Mel.* Be true, and make your fault lesse.

*Euad.* I dare not tell.

*Mel.* Tell, or Ile be this day a killing thee.

*Euad.* Will you forgive me then ?

*Mel.* Stay, I must aske mine honour first, I have too much  
foolish nature in me, speake.

*Euad.* Is there none else here ?

*Mel.* None but a fearefull conscience, that's too many,  
Who ist ?

*Euad.* O heare me gently, it was the king.

*Mel.* No more. My worthy fathers and my services  
Are liberally rewarded : King I thanke thee,  
For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast paid me  
In my owne mettall : these are souldiers thanks,  
How long have you liv'd thus *Euadne* ?

*Euad.* Too long.

*Mel.* Too late you finde it, can you be sorry ?

*Euad.* Would I were halfe as blamelesse.

*Mel.* *Euadne*, thou wilt to thy trade againe;

*The Maides Tragedie.*

*Euad.* First to my grave,

*Mel.* Would gods th' hadst beene so blest :

Dost thou not hate this King now? prethe hate him:

Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee curse him,

Curse till the gods heare, and deliver him

To chuse out wishes; yet I see *Euadne*,

You had rather play your game out.

*Euad.* No, I feele

Too many sad confusions here to let in

Any loose flame: hereafter.

*Mel.* Dost thou not feele amongst all those one brave anger

That breakes out nobly, and directs thine arme

To kill this base King?

*Euad.* All the gods forbid it. (him,

*Mel.* No, all the gods require it, they are dishonored in

*Euad.* 'Tis too fearefull.

*Mel.* Y'are valiant, in his bed, and bold enough

To be a stale whore: and have your Madams name

Discourse for groomes and pages, and hereafter

When his coole Majestic hath laid you by

To be at pension with some needy Sir

For meat and courser clothes, thus far you know no feare,

Come, you shall kill him,

*Euad.* Good sir,

*Mel.* And 'twere to kisse him dead, thou'dst smother him,

Be wise and kill him: Canst thou live and know

What noble minds shall make thee see thy selfe

Found out with every finger, made the shame

Of all successions, and in this great ruine

Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?

Thou shalt not live thus, kneele and sweare to helpe me

When I shall call thee to it, or by all

Holy in heaven and earth, thou shalt not live

To breath a full hoare longer, not a thought:

Come 'tis a righteous oath, give me thy hand,

And both to heaven held up, sweare by that wealth

This lustfull thiefe stole from thee, when I say it,

## *The Maides Tragedie.*

To let his foule foule out.

*Euad.* Here I sweare it,  
And all you spirits of abused Ladies  
Helpe me in this performance.

*Me.* Enough, this must be knowne to none  
But you and I *Euadne*, not to your Lord,  
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow  
Dares step as farre into a worthy action,  
As the most daring, I as farre as justice.  
Aske me not why, Farewell.

*Exit. Mel.*

*Euad.* Would I could say so to my black disgrace,  
Oh where have I been all this time! how friended,  
That I should lose my selfe thus desperatly,  
And none for pittie shew me how I wandred?  
There is not in the compasse of the light  
A more unhappy creature, sure I am monstrous,  
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,  
Would dare a woman. O my loaden soules,  
Be not so cruell to me, choake not up  
The way to my repentance. O my Lord.

*Enter Amintor.*

*Amin.* How now?

*Euad.* My much abused Lord.

*Kneele.*

*Amin.* This cannot be.

*Euad.* I doe not kneele to live, I dare not hope it,  
The wrongs I did are greater, looke upon me  
Though I appeare with all my faults.

*Amin.* Stand up.

This is no new way to beget more sorrow,  
Heaven knowes I have too many, doe not mocke me,  
Though I am tame and bred up with my wrongs,  
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leape  
Like a hand wolfe into my naturall wildnesse,  
And doe an out-rage, prethee doe not mock me.

*Euad.* My whole life is so leproous, it infects  
All my repentance, I would buy your pardon  
Though at the highest set, even with my life,  
That slight contrition, thats no sacrifice

*For*

## *The Maides Tragedie.*

For what I have committed.

*Amin.* Sure I dazle.

There cannot bee a faith in that foule woman  
That knowes no God more mighty than her mischiefes,  
Thou dost still worst, still number on thy faults,  
To presse my poore heart thus. Can I believe  
Theres any seed of vertue in that woman  
Left to shoot up, that dares goe on in sinne  
Knowne, and so knowne as thine is, O *Eusdae*?  
Would there were any safety in thy sex,  
That I might put a thousand sorrowes off,  
And credit thy repentance, but I must not,  
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,  
To that strange misbeliefe of all the world,  
And all things that are in it, that I feare  
I shall fall like a tree, and finde my grave,  
Onely remembring that I grieve.

*Eusad.* My Lord,

Give me your griefes, you are an innocent,  
A soule as white as heaven, let not my sinnes  
Perish your noble youth, I doe not fall here  
To shadow by dissembling with my teares,  
As all say women can, or to make lesse  
What my hot will hath done, which heaven and you  
Knowes to be tougher than the hand of time  
Can cut from mans remembrance, no I doe not,  
I doe appeare the same, the same *Eusadne*,  
Drest in the shames I liv'd in, the same monster,  
But these are names of honour, to what I am,  
I doe present my selfe the fouleest creature,  
Most poysonous, dangerous, and despis'd of men,  
*Lerna* cre bred, or *Nilus*, I am hell,  
Till you, my deare Lord, shoot your light into me,  
The beames of your forgivenesse, I am soule-sicke,  
And wither with the feare of one condemn'd,  
Till I have got your pardon.

*Amin.* Rise *Eusadne*.

Those



Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee  
Grant a continuance of it, I forgive thee,  
Make thy selfe worthy of it, and take heed,  
Take heed *Enadine* this be serious,  
Moske not the powers above, that can, and dare  
Give thee a great example of their justice  
To all insuing eyes, if thou plai'st  
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

*Enad.* I have done nothing good to win beleefe,  
My life hath beene so faithlesse, all the Creatures  
Made for heavens honors have their ends and good ones,  
All but the cousing *Crocodiles*, false women.  
They reigne here like those plagues those killing forces  
Men pray against, and when they die, like tales  
Ill told, and unbeleev'd they passe away,  
And goe to dust forgotten: But my Lord,  
Those short dayes I shall number to my rest,  
(As many must not see me,) shall though too late,  
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will  
Since I can doe no good because a woman,  
Reach constantly at some thing that is neere it,  
I will redeeme one minute of my age,  
Or like another *Niobe* Ile weepe  
Till I am water.

*Amin.* I am now dissolved:  
My frozen soule melts: may each sin thou hast  
Finde a new mercy: rise, I am at peace:  
Hadst thou beene thus, thus excellently good,  
Before that devill King tempted thy frailty.  
Sure thou hadst made a star, give me thy hand,  
From this time I will know thee, and as far  
As honour gives me leave, be thy *Aminion*,  
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairely,  
And pray the gods to give thee happy dayes,  
My Charity shall goe along with thee,  
Though my embraces must be far from thee,  
I should ha' kild thee, but this sweet repentance

*The Males Tragedie.*

Lockes up my vengeance, for which thus I kisse thee,  
The last kisse we must take; and would to heaven  
The holy Priest that gave our hands together,  
Had given us equall vertues, goe *Euadne*,  
The gods thus part our bodies, have a care  
My honour falls no further, I am well then.

*Euad.* All the deare joyes here, and above hereafter  
Crowne thy faire ioult, thus I take leave my Lord,  
And never shall you see the foule *Euadne*  
Till sh'ave tryed all honoured meanes that may  
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away.

*Exeunt*

*Hoboyes play within*

*Banquet. Enter King, Calianax.*

*King.* I cannot tell how I should credit this  
From you that are his enemy.

*Cal.* I am sure he said it to me, and Ile justifie it  
What way he dares oppose, but with my sword.

*King.* But did he breake without all circumstance  
To you his foe, that he would have the Fort  
To kill me, and then escape?

*Cal.* If he denie it, Ile make him blush.

*King.* It sounds incredibly.

*Cal.* I so does every thing I say of late.

*King.* Not so *Calianax*.

*Cal.* Yes I should sit

Mute, whilst a Rogue with strong armes cuts your throat.

*King.* Well I will trie him, and if this be true  
Ile pawne my life Ile find it, ift be false,  
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,  
You shall hereafter doate in your owne house,  
Not in the Court.

*Cal.* Why, if it be a lie  
Mine cares are false, for Ile be sworne I heard it:  
Old men are good for nothing, you were best  
Put me to death for hearing, and free him  
For meaning of it, you would a trusted me  
Once, but the time is altered,

*King.*

**King.** And will still where I may doe with justice to the world, you have no witnesse.

**Cal.** Yes my selfe.

**King.** No more I meane there were that heard it.

**Cal.** How no more? would you have more? why am not I enough to hang a thousand Rogues?

**King.** But so you may hang honest men too if you please.

**Cal.** I may, 'tis like I will doe so, there are a hundred will sweare it for a need too, if I say it.

**King.** such witnesses we need not.

**Cal.** And 'tis hard if my word cannot hang a boisterous

**King.** Enough, wher's *Strato*? (knave.

*Strat.* Sir.

*Enter Strato.*

**King.** Why wheres all the company? call *Aminor* in.

*Euadne*, wheres my brother, and *Melantius*?

Bid him come too, and *Diphilus*, call all! *Exit Strato.*

That are without there; if he should desire

The combat of you, 'tis not in the power

Of all our lawes to hinder it, unlesse

We meane to quit'em.

**Cal.** Why if you doe thinke

'Tis fit an old man, and a Counseller,

To fight for what he sayes, then you may grant it.

*Enter Amin. Euad. Mel. Diph. Lipsi. Cal. Strat. Diag.*

**King.** Come sirs, *Aminor* thou art yet a Bridegroome;

And I will use thee so, thou shalt sit downe,

*Euadne* sit, and you *Aminor* too,

This banquet is for you sir: who has brought

A merry tale about him, to raise laughter

Amongst our wine? why *Strato* where art thou?

Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably

When I desire'em not.

*Strato.* 'Tis my ill lucke sir, so to spend them then.

**King.** Reach me a boule of wine: *Melantius* thou art sad!

*Amin.* I should be sir the merriest here,

But I ha nere a story of mine owne

Worth telling at this time,

*The Maudes Tragedie.*

*King.* Give me the wine,  
*Melanius* I am now considering  
How easie 'twere for any man we trust  
To poyson one of us in such a boule.

*Mel.* I thinke it were not hard Sir, for a knave.

*Cal.* Such as you are.

*King.* I faith 'twere easie; it becomes us well  
To get plaine dealing men about our selves,  
Such as you all are here, *Aminor* to thee  
And to thy faire *Enadue*.

*Mel.* Have you thought of this *Calianax*? *aside.*

*Cal.* Yes marry have I.

*Mel.* And whats your resolution?

*Cal.* Ye shall have it soundly?

*King.* Reach to *Aminor*, *Sirato*.

*Amin.* Here my love,

This wine will doe thee wrong, for it will set  
Blushes upon thy cheekes, and till thou dost  
A fault 'twere pittie.

*King.* Yet I wonder much  
Of the strange desperation of these men,  
That dare attempt such acts here in our state,  
He could not scape that did it.

*Mel.* Were he knowne, impossible.

*King.* It would be knowne *Melanius*.

*Mel.* It ought to be, if he got then away  
He must wear all our lives upon his sword,  
He need not flie the Iland, he must leave  
No one alive.

*King.* No, I should thinke no man  
Could kill me and scape cleare, but that old man.

*Cal.* But I? heaven blesse me, I, should I my Liege?

*King.* I doe not thinke thou wouldst, but yet thou mightst.  
For thou hast in thy hands the meanes to scape,  
By keeping of the Fort, he has *Melanius*  
And he has kept it well.

*Mel.* From cobwebs Sir,

*The Murther Tragedie.*

'Tis cleane swept, I can find no other Art  
In keeping of it now, 'twas neere besieg'd  
Since he commanded.

*Cal.* I shall be sure of your good word,  
But I have kept it safe from such as you.

*Mel.* Keepe your ill temper in,  
I speake no male, had my brother kept it  
I should ha sed as much.

*King.* You are not merry, brother drinke wine.  
*Sit you all still, Caliban, aside.*  
I cannot trust thus, I have throwne out words  
That would have fetcht warme blood upon the cheekes  
Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd,  
He knowes no such thing.

*Cal.* Impudence may scape, when feeble vertue is accus'd.

*King.* A must if he were guilty seele an alteration  
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him,  
You see he does not.

*Cal.* Let him hang himselfe,  
What care I what he does, this he did say.

*King. Melanhus.* You can not easily conceive  
What I have meant, for men that are in fault  
Can subtly apprehend when others aime  
At what they doe amisse, but I forgive  
Freely before this man, heaven doe so too,  
I will not touch thee so much as with shame  
Of telling it, let it be so no more.

*Cal.* Why this is very fine.

*Mel.* I cannot tell

What 'tis you meane, but I am apt enough  
Rudely to thrust into ignorant fault,  
But let me know it, happily 'tis nought  
But misconstruction, and where I am cleare  
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,  
Much lesse of you.

*King.* Nay if you stand so stiffe, I shall call back my mercy.

*Mel.* I want smoothnesse

*The Maides Tragedie.*

To thanke a man for pardoning of a crime  
I never knew.

*King.* Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you  
my eares are every where, you meant to kill me, and get the  
Fort to scape.

*Mel.* Pardon me Sir, my bluntnesse will be pardoned,  
You preserve

A race of idle people here about you,  
Eaters, and talkers, to defame the worth  
Of those that doe things worthy, the man that uttered this  
Had perish without food, bee't who it will,  
But for this arme that sent him from the foe,  
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,  
The plainenesse of my nature would speake more;  
Give me a pardon (for you ought to doo't)  
To kill him that spake this.

*Cal.* I that will be end of all,  
Then I am fairely paid for all my care and service.

*Mel.* That old man, who calls me enemy, and of whom I  
(Though I will never match my hate so low,)  
Have no good thought, would yet I thinke excuse me,  
And sweare he thought me wrong'd in this.

*Cal.* Who I, thou shameles Fellow, didst thou not speak  
to me of it thy selfe?

*Mel.* O then it came from him.

*Cal.* From me, who should it come from but from me?

*Mel.* Nay, I beleve your malice is enough,  
But I ha lost my anger, Sir I hope  
You are well satisfied.

*King.* *Lisp.* cheare *Aminor* and his Lady, there's no sound  
Come from you, I will come and doo't my selfe.

*Amin.* You have done already Sir for me I thanke you.

*King.* *Melanimus* I doe credit this from him,  
How sleight so ere you mak't.

*Cal.* 'Tis strange you should.

*Mel.* 'Tis strange he should beleve an old mans word,  
That never lyed in his life.

*Mel.*



*The Maides Tragedie.*

*Mel.* I talke not to thee,  
Shall the wild words of this distempered man,  
Franticke with age and sorrow, make a breach  
Betwixt your Majestie and me? 'twas wrong  
To hearken to him, but to credit him  
As much, at least, as I have power to beare.  
But pardon me, whilst I speake onely truth,  
I may commend my selfe——I have bestowd  
My carelesse blood with you, and should be loth  
To thinke an action that would make me lose  
That, and my thanks too : when I was a boy  
I thrust my selfe into my Countreys cause,  
And did a deed, that pluckt five yeares from time,  
And stil'd me man then, and for you my King,  
Your subjects all have fed by vertue of my arme.  
This sword of mine hath plow'd the ground,  
And reapt the fruit in peace ;  
And you your selfe have liv'd at home in ease :  
So terrible I grew, that without swords  
My name hath fetch you conquest, and my heart  
And limmes are still the same, my will as great  
To doe you service : let me not be paid  
With such a strange distrust.

*King. Melantim,* I held it great injustice to beleave  
Thine enemy, and did not ; if I did,  
I doe not, let that satisfie : what strucke  
With sadnesse all ? more wine.

*Cal.* A few fine words have overthrowne my truth :  
A th'art a villaine.

*Mel.* Why thou wert better let me have the Fort,  
Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever, *aside.*  
There shall no credit lye upon thy words,  
Thinke better and deliver it.

*Cal.* My Liege, hees at me now agen to doe it, speake,  
Denie it if thou canst, examine him  
Whilst he hot, for he coole agen,  
He will forswear it;

*King.*



*The Maidens Tragedie.*

*King.* This is lunacie I hope *Melantini.*

*Mel.* He hath lost himselfe  
Much since his daughter mist the happinesse  
My sister gain'd, and though he call me Foe,  
I pittie him.

*Cal.* Pttie, a pox upon you.

*King.* Marke his disorderd words, and at the Maske.

*Mel.* *Diagoras* knowes he rag'd, and rail'd at me,  
And cal'd a Lady Whore so innocent,  
She understood him not, but it becomes  
Both you and me too, to forgive distraction,  
Pardon him as I doe.

*Cal.* Ile not speake for thee, for all thy cunning, if you  
will be safe chop off his head, for there was never knowne so  
impudent a Rascall.

*King.* Some that love him get him to bed: why, pittie  
should not let age make it selfe contemptible, we must be all  
old, have him away.

*Mel.* *Calianax* the King beleeves you come, you shall goe  
Home, and rest, you ha done well, youle give it up  
When I have us'd you thus a month I hope.

*Cal.* Now, now, 'tis plaine fir, he does move me still,  
He sayes he knowes Ile give him up the Fort,  
When he has us'd me thus a month: I am mad,  
Am I not still?

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Cal.* I shall be mad indeed, if you doe thus,  
Why would you trust a sturdie fellow there,  
(That has no vertue in him, alas in his sword)  
Before me? doe but take his weapons from him,  
And hees an Ass, and I am a very foole,  
Both with him, and without him, as you use me.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha.

*King.* 'Tis well *Calianax*, but if you use  
This once agen, I shall intreat some other  
To see your offices be well discharg'd.  
Be merry Gentlemen, it growes somewhat late.

*Amintor*

*Amin.* thou wouldst be a bed agen.

*Amin.* Yes Sir.

*King.* And you *Euadne*, let me take thee in my armes, *Melanius*, and beleve thou art as thou deservest to be, my friend still, and for ever. Good *Calimach*  
Sleepe soundly, it will bring thee to thy selfe.

*Exeunt omnes. Manent Mel. & Cal.*

*Cal.* Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now I hope,  
I could not be thus else, How dar'st thou stay  
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?

*Mel.* You cannot blast me with your tongue,  
And that's the strongest part you have about you.

*Cal.* I doe looke for some great punishment for this,  
For I begin to forget all my hate,  
And tak't unkindly that mine enemy  
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.

*Mel.* I shall melt too, if you begin to take  
Unkindnesses; I never meant you hurt.

*Cal.* Thou'lt anger me agen; thou wretched roagie,  
Meant me no hurt! disgrace me with the King,  
Lose all my offices, this is no hurt  
Is it? I prethee what dost thou call hurt?

*Mel.* To poyson men because they love me not;  
To call the credit of mens wives in question,  
To murder children betwixt me and land;  
This is all hurt.

*Cal.* All this thou think'st is sport,  
For mine is worse, but use thy will with me,  
For betwixt griefe and anger I could cry.

*Mel.* Be wise then and be safe, thou maist revenge.

*Cal.* I oth' King, I would revenge of thee.

*Mel.* That you must plot your selfe.

*Cal.* I am a fine-plotter.

*Mel.* The short is, I will hold thee with the King  
In this perplexitie, till peevishnesse  
And thy disgrace have layd thee in thy grave:  
But if thou wilt deliver up the Fort,

*The Citizens Tragedie.*

He take thy trembling body in my armes,  
And beare thee over dangers, thou shalt hold  
Thy wonted state.

*Cal.* If I should tell the King, canst thou deny't agen?

*Mel.* Try and beleewe.

*Cal.* Nay then thou canst bring any thing about,  
Thou shalt have the Fort.

*Mel.* Why well, here let our hate be buried, and  
This hand shall right us both, give me thy aged breast  
to compasse.

*Cal.* Nay I doe, not love thee yet,  
I cannot well endure to looke on thee,  
And if I thought it were a curtesie,  
Thou shouldst not have it, but I am disgrac'd,  
My Offices are to be tane away,  
And if I did but hold this Fort a day,  
I doe beleewe the King would take it from me,  
And give it thee, things are so strangely carryed:  
Nere thank me for't, but yet the King shall know  
There was some such thing in't I told him of,  
And that I was an honest man.

*Mel.* Hee'l buy that knowledge very dearly : *Diph.*  
What newes with thee? *Enter Diphilus.*

*Diph.* This were a night indeed to doe it in,  
The King hath sent for her.

*Mel.* She shall performe it then, goe *Diphilus*,  
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,  
The Fort, hee'l give it thee.

*Diph.* Ha you got that?

*Cal.* Art thou of the same breed? canst thou deny  
This to the King too?

*Diph.* With a confidence as great as his,

*Cal.* Faith like enough.

*Mel.* Away and use him kindly.

*Cal.* Touch not me, I hate the whole straine: if thou fol-  
low me a great way off, He give thee up the Fort, and hang  
your selves.

*Mel.*

*The Maides Tragedie.*

*Mel.* Begone.

*Diph.* Hee's finely wrought.

*Exeunt Cal. Diph.*

*Mel.* This is a night in spight of Astronomers  
To doe the deed in, I will wash the flaine  
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

*Enter Amintor.*

*Amin.* *Melantius* now assist me if thou beest  
That which thou sayst, assist me, I have lost  
All my distempers, and have found a rage  
So pleasing, helpe me.

*Mel.* Who can see him thus,  
And not sweare vengeance? what's the matter friend?

*Amin.* Out with thy sword, and hand in hand with me  
Rush to the chamber of this hated King,  
And sink him with the weight of all his sins  
To hell for ever.

*Mel.* 'Twere a rash attempt,  
Not to be done with safety, let your reason  
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.

*Amin.* If thou refusest me in these extreames;  
Thou art no friend: he sent for her to me,  
By heaven to me, my selfe, and I must tell ye  
I love her as a stranger, there is worth  
In that vile woman, worthy things *Melantius*  
And she repents. Ile do't my selfe alone,  
Though I be flaine. Farewell.

*Mel.* Hee'l overthrow my whole designe with madnesse;  
*Amintor*, thinke what thou doest, I dare as much as valour,  
But 'tis the King, the King, the King, *Amintor*,  
With whom thou fightest. I know hee's honest, *aside*  
And this will worke with him.

*Amin.* I cannot tell  
What thou hast said, but thou hast charm'd my sword  
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here  
Defencelesse.

*Mel.* I will take it up for thee,

*Amin.* What a wild beak is uncollected man!

## The Murder Tragedie.

The thing that we call honour beares us all  
Head-long unto sinne, and yet it selfe is nothing.

*Mel.* Alas, how variable are thy thoughts?

*Amin.* Just like my fortunes, I was run to that  
I purpos'd to have chid thee for.

Some plot I did distrust thou hadst against the King  
By that old fellowes carriage, but take heed,  
Theres not the least limbe growing to a King,  
But carries thunder in't.

*Mel.* I have none against him.

*Amin.* Why? come then, and still remember we may not  
thinke revenge.

*Me.* I will remember.

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Euadne and a Gentleman.*

**E***UAD.* Sir, is the King abed?

*Gent.* Madam, an houre agoe.

*Euad.* Giue me the key then, and let none be neerer,  
'Tis the Kings pleasure.

*Gent.* I understand you Madam, would t'were mine.  
I must not wish good rest unto your Ladyship.

*Euad.* You talke, you talke.

*Gent.* 'Tis all I dare doe Madam, but the King will wake,  
and then,

*Euad.* Saving your imagination, pray, good night sir.

*Gent.* A good night be it then, and a long one Madam,  
I am gone.

*Euad.* The night growes horrible, and all about me  
Like my blacke purpose, O the conscience  
Of a lost virgin, whither wilt thou pull me?  
To what things dismall, as the depth of hell,

*King abed*

*Wile*

*The Maides Tragedie.*

Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare  
From this houre be disloyall, if her heart  
Be flesh. if she have blood, and can feare, 'tis a daring  
Above that desperate foole that left his peace,  
And went to sea to fight, 'tis so many sins  
An age cannot prevent 'em, and so great,  
The gods want mercie for, yet I must through 'em,  
I have begun a slaughter on my honour,  
And I must end it there; a sleeps, good heavens,  
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast  
That hath so long transgressed you? I must kill him,  
And I will do't bravely: the meere joy  
Tels me I merit in it, yet I must not  
Thus tamely doe it as he sleeps, that were  
To rocke him to another world, my vengeance  
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him  
The number of his wrongs and punishments.  
Ile shake his sins like furies, till I waken  
His evill angell, his sick conscience,  
And then Ile strike him dead: King by your leave  
I dare not trust your strength, your grace and I  
Must grapple upon even termes no more,  
So, if he raile me not from my resolution,  
I shall be strong enough.  
My Lord the King, my Lord: a sleepes  
As if he meant to wake no more, my Lord,  
Is he not dead already? Sir, my Lord.

*King.* Who's that?

*Euad.* O you sleep soundly Sir.

*King.* My deare *Euadne*,

I have beenc dreaming of thee, come to bed:

*Euad.* I am come at length Sir, but how welcome?

*King.* What pretty new device is this *Euadne*?

What doe you tie me to you by my love?

This is a quaint one: come my deare and kisse me,

Ile be thy *Mars*, to bed my *Queene* of Love,

Let us be caught together, that the gods may see,

*Ties his  
armes to  
the bed.*

*The Maides Tragedie.*

And envie our embraces.

*Euad.* Stay sir, stay,  
You are too hot, and I have brought you Physick  
To temper your high veines.

*King.* Prethee to bed then, let me take it warme,  
There you shall know the state of my body better.

*Euad.* I know you have a surfeited foule body,  
And you must bleed.

*King.* Bleed!

*Euad.* I you shall bleed; lie still, and if the devill,  
Your lust will give you leave, repent, this steale  
Comes to redeeme the honour that you stole  
*King.* my faire name, which nothing but thy death  
Can answer to the world.

*King.* How's this *Euadne*?

*Euad.* I am not she, nor beare I in this breast  
So much cold spirit to be cald a woman,  
I am a Tyger, I am any thing  
That knowes not pittie, stirre not, if thou doest,  
He take thee unprepar'd; thy feares upon thee,  
That make thy sins looke double, and so send thee  
(By my revenge I will) to looke those torments  
Prepar'd for such black soules.

*King.* Thou doest not meane this, 'tis impossible,  
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

*Euad.* No I am not,  
I am as foule as thou art, and can number  
As many such hels here: I was once faire,  
Once I was lovely, not a blowing rose  
More chastly sweet, till thou, thou, thou foule canker,  
(Stirre not) didst poyson me, I was a world of vertue,  
Till your curst Court and you (hell blesse you for't)  
With your temptations on temptations  
Made me give up mine honour, for which (*King*)  
I am come to kill thee.

*King.* No.

*Euad.* I am.

*King.*



**King.** Thou art not.

**I** prethee speake not these things, thou art gentle,  
And wert not meant thus rugged.

**Euad.** Peace and heare me.

Stirre nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy,  
To those above us, by whose lights I vow  
Those blessed fires, that shot to see our sinne,  
If thy hot soule had substance with thy blood,  
I would kill that too, which being past my steele,  
My tongue shall teach: Thou art a shamelesse villaine,  
A thing out of the over-charge of nature,  
Sent like a thicke cloud to disperse a plague  
Upon weake catching women, such a tyrant  
That for his lust would sell away his subjects,  
I all his heaven hereafter.

**King.** Heare **Euadne**,

Thou soule of sweetnesse, heare, I am thy King.

**Euad.** Thou art my shame, lie still, there's none about you  
Within your cries, all promises of safety  
Are but deluding dreames, thus, thus, thou soule man,  
Thus I begin my vengeance.

*Stabs him*

**King.** Hold **Euadne**,

I doe command thee hold.

**Euad.** I doe not meane sir,

To part so fairely with you, we must change  
More of these love-tricks; yet.

**King.** What bloody villaine  
Provok't thee to this murther?

**Euad.** Thou, thou monster.

**King.** Oh,

**Euad.** Thou keptst me brave at Court, and whor'd mee;  
Then married me to a young noble Gentleman, **King** :  
And whor'd me still.

**King.** **Euadne** pittie me.

**Euad.** Hell take me then, this for my Lord *Amintor*,  
This for my noble brother, and this stroke  
For the most wrong'd of women.

*Kills him*

**King**

**King.** Oh I die.

**Enad.** Die all our faults together, I forgive thee. **Exeunt**

*Enter two of the Bed-chamber.*

1. Come now she's gone, lets enter, the King expects it, and will be angry.

2. 'Tis a fine wench, wee le have a snap at her one of these nights as she goes from him.

1. Content : how quickly he had done with her, I see Kings can doe no more that way then other mortall people.

2. How fast he is ! I cannot heare him breathe.

1. Either the Tapers give a feeble light, or hee lookes very pale.

2. And so he does, pray heaven he be well.

Lets looke : Alas hee's stiff, wounded and dead :

Treason, Treason.

1. Run forth and call :

*Exit, Gent.*

2. Treason, Treason.

1. This will be laid on us : who can belceve

A woman could doe this ?

*Enter Cleon and Lisippus.*

**Cleon.** How now, where's the Traytor?

1. Fled, fled away, but there her wofull act  
Lies still.

**Cle.** Her act ! a woman !

**Lis.** Where's the body ?

1. There.

**Lis.** Farewell thou worthy man, there were two bonds  
That tyed our loves, a brother and a King,  
The least of which might fetch a flood of teares :  
But such the misery of greatnesse is,  
They have no time to mourne, then pardon me.

Sirs, which way went she ?

*Enter Strato.*

**Strato.** Never follow her,

For she alas was but the instrument.

Newes is now brought in, that *Melantius*

Has

Has got the Fort, and stands upon the wall,  
And with a loud voyce calls those few that passe  
At this dead time of night, delivering  
The innocence of this act.

*Lis.* Gentlemen I am your King.

*Strat.* We doe acknowledge it.

*Lis.* I would I were not: follow all; for this must have a  
sudden stop.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Melant. Diph. Cal. on the wall.*

*Mel.* If the dull people can beleeeve I am arm'd.  
Be constant *Diphilus*, now we have time,  
Either to bring our banisht honors home,  
Or create new ones in our ends.

*Diph.* I feare not,  
My spirit lies not that way. Courage *Calimach*:

*Cal.* Would I had any, you should quickly know it.

*Mel.* Speake to the people, thou art eloquent.

*Cal.* 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows,  
You were borne to be my end, the devill take you.  
Now must I hang for company: 'tis strange  
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

*Enter Lisip. Diag. Cleon. Strat. Guard.*

*Lisip.* See where he stands as boldly confident,  
As if he had his full command about him.

*Strat.* He looks as if he had the better cause, Sir,  
Under your gracious pardon let me speake it,  
Though he be mighty spirited and forward  
To all great things, to all things of that danger  
Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certainly  
I doe beleeeve him noble, and this action  
Rather pild on then sought, his mind was ever  
As worthy as his hand.

*Lis.* 'Tis my feare too,  
Heaven forgive all: summon him Lord *Cleon*.

*Cleon.* Ho from the wals there.

*Mel.* Worthy *Cleon* welcome,  
We could a wisht you here Lord, you are honor.

R

*Cal.*

*The Minsters Tragedie.*

*Cal.* Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though I dare not tell thee so. *aside.*

*Lis.* *Melanius.*

*Mel.* Sir.

*Lis.* I am sorry that we meet thus, our old love  
Never requir'd such distance, pray heaven  
You have not left your selfe, and sought this safety  
More out of feare then of honor, you have lost  
A noble master, which your faith *Melanius*;  
Some thinke might have preserv'd, yet you know best.

*Cal.* When time was I was mad, some that dares  
Fight I hope will pay this rascall. *(thee,*

*Mel.* Royall young man, whose teares looke lovely on  
Had they beene shed for a deserving one,  
They had beene lasting monuments. Thy brother,  
Whil'st he was good, I call'd him King; and serv'd him,  
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour,  
Pul'd people from the farthest Sunne to seeke him,  
And by his friendship, I was then his Souldier,  
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,  
And brand my noble actions with his lust,  
(That never-cur'd dishonor of my sister,  
Base staine of whore, and which is worse,  
The joy to make it still so) like my selfe,  
Thus I have slung him off with my allegiance,  
And stand here mine owne justice to revenge  
What I have suffered in him, and this old man  
Wrong'd almost to lunacy.

*Cal.* Who I? you wud draw me in: I have had no wrong  
I doe disclaime ye all.

*Mel.* The short is this;  
'Tis no ambition to lift up my selfe  
Urgeth me thus, I doe desire againe  
To be a subject, so I may be freed;  
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild  
This goodly Towne, be speedy, and be wise, in a reply.

*Sir.* Be sudden Sir to tie

*The Maides Tragedie.*

All up againe, what's done is past recall,  
And past you to revenge, and there are thousands  
That wait for such a troubled houre as this,  
Throw him the blanke.

*Lis. Melantius*, write in that thy choyce,  
My scale is at it.

*Mel.* It was our honours drew us to this act,  
No gaine, and we will only worke our pardon.

*Cal.* Put my name in too.

*Diph.* You disclaim'd us but now *Calianax*.

*Cal.* That's all one,

He not be hanged hereafter by a trickes  
He have it in.

*Mel.* You shall, you shall:  
Come to the back gate, and weele call you King,  
And give you up the Fort.

*Lis.* Away, away.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Aspasia in mans apparel.*

*Asp.* This is my fatall houre, heaven may forgive  
My rash attempt, that causelesly hath laid  
Griefes on me that will never let me rest,  
And put a womans heart into my breast,  
It is more honor for you that I die,  
For she that can indure the misery  
That I have on me, and be patient too,  
May live and laugh at all that you can doe.  
God save you sir.

*Enter servant.*

*Ser.* And you sir, what's your businesse?

*Asp.* With you sir now, to doe me the faire office  
To helpe me to your Lord.

*Ser.* What would you serve him?

*Asp.* He doe him any service, but to haste,  
For my affaires are earnest, I desire  
To speake with him.

*Ser.* Sir because you are in such haste, I would be loth de-  
lay you any longer: you cannot.

*Asp.* It shall become you though to tell your Lord.

## *The Maides Tragedie.*

*Ser.* Sir he will not speake with no body.

*Asp.* This is most strange : art thou gold prooffe ? there's for thee, help me to him.

*Ser.* Pray be not angry Sir, Ile doe my best.

*Exit.*

*Asp.* How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me ;  
There is a vile dishonest trick in man,  
More then in women : all the men I meet  
Apppeare thus to me, are harsh and rude,  
And have a subtlety in every thing,  
Which love could never know ; but we found women  
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts  
And thinke all shall goe so, it is unjust  
That men and women should be matcht together.

*Enter Amintor and his man.*

*Amin.* Where is he ?

*Ser.* There my Lord.

*Amin.* What would you Sir ?

*Asp.* Please it your Lordship to command your man  
Out of the roome, I shall deliver things  
Worthy your hearing.

*Amin.* Leave us.

*Asp.* O that that shape should bury falshood in it. *aside.*

*Amin.* Now you will Sir.

*Asp.* When you know mee, my Lord, you needs must  
My businesse, and I am not hard to know, *( guesse*  
For till the chance of warre marke this smooth face  
With these few blemishes, people would call me  
My sisters picture, and her mine ; in short,  
I am the brother to the wrong'd *Aspatia.*

*Amin.* The wrong'd *Aspatia*, would thou wert so too  
Unto the wrong'd *Amintor*, let me kisse  
That hand of thine in honour that I beare  
Unto the wrong'd *Aspatia* : here I stand  
That did it, would he could not gentle youth  
Leave me, for there is something in thy lookes  
That cals my sinnes in a most hideous forme  
Into my mind, and I have grise enough

*Without*

*The Maides Tragedie.*

Without thy helpe.

*Ass.* I would I could with credit:  
Since I was twelve yeares old I had not scene  
My sister till this houre, I now arriv'd,  
She sent for me to see her marriage,  
A wofull one, but they that are above  
Have ends in every thing, she us'd few words,  
But yet enough to make me understand  
The basenesse of the injuries you did her,  
That little training I have had, is war,  
I may behave my selfe rudely in peace,  
I would not though, I shall not need to tell you  
I am but young, and would be loth to lose  
Honour that is not easily gain'd againe,  
Fairely I meane to deale, the age is strict  
For single combats, and we shall be stop't  
If it be publisht, if you like your sword,  
Use it, if mine appeare a better to you,  
Change, for the ground is this, and this the time  
To end our difference.

*Amin.* Charitable youth,  
If thou beest such, thinke not I will maintaine  
So strange a wrong, and for thy sisters sake,  
Know, that I could not thinke that desperate thing  
I durst not doe, yet to injoy this world.  
I would not see her, for beholding thee,  
I am I know not what, if I have ought  
That may content thee, take it and be gone,  
For death is not so terrible as thou,  
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.

*Ass.* Thus she swore,  
Thou wouldst behave thy selfe, and give me words  
That would fetch teares into mine eyes, and so  
Thou dost indeed, but yet she bad me watch,  
Lest I were cousten'd, and be sure to fight.  
Ere I return'd.

*Amin.* That must not be with me,



## *The Maides Tragedie.*

For her Ile die directly, but against her  
Will never hazard it.

*Asp.* You must be urg'd, I doe not deale uncivilly with  
Those that dare to fight, but such a one as you  
Must be urg'd thus.

*She strikes him.*

*Amin.* I prethee youth take heed,  
Thy sister is a thing to me so much  
Above mine honor, that I can indure  
All this, good! gods——a blow I can indure,  
But stay not, lest thou draw a timelesse death  
Upon thy selfe.

*Asp.* Thou art some prating fellow,  
One that has studyed out a trick to talke  
And move soft-hearted people; to be kickt  
Thus to be kickt——why should he be so slow  
In giving me my death?

*She kicks him.  
aside.*

*Amin.* A man can beare  
No more and keepe his flesh, forgive me then,  
I would endure yet if I could, now shew  
The spirit thou pretendest, and understand  
Thou hast no honour to live:  
What dost thou meane? thou canst not fight:  
The blowes thou mak'st at me are quite besides,  
And those I offer at thee, thou spread'st thine armes  
And tak'st upon thy breast, alas defencelesse.

*They fight.*

*Asp.* I have got enough,  
And my desire, ther's no place so fit  
For me to die as here.

*Enter Euadne.  
Her hands  
blundy with  
a knife.*

*Euad. Aminior* I am loaden with events  
That lie to make thee happy, I have joyes  
Thar in a moment can call backe thy wrongs  
And settle thee in thy free state againe,  
It is *Euadne* still that follows thee,  
But not her mischiefes. |

*Amin.* Thou canst not foole me to beleeeve agen,  
But thou hast looks and things so full of newes  
That I am fraid.

*Euad.*

*The Maidens Tragedie.*

*Euad.* Noble *Aminor* put off thy amaze,  
Let thine eyes loose, and speake, am I not faire?  
Looks not *Euadne* beauteous with those rites now?  
Were those houres halfe so lovely in thine eyes,  
When our hands met before the holy man?  
I was too foule within, to looke faire then,  
Since I knew ill. I was not free till now.

*Amin.* There is presage of some important thing  
about thee, which it seemes thy tongue hath lost:  
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.

*Euad.* In this consists thy happinesse and mine;  
Joy to *Aminor*, for the King is dead.

*Amin.* Those have most power to hurt us that we love,  
We lay our sleeping lives within their armes.  
Why? thou hast rais'd up mischief to his height,  
And found one to out-name thy other faults;  
Thou hast no intermission of thy finnes,  
But all thy life is a continuall ill;  
Blacke is thy colour now, disease thy nature.  
Joy to *Aminor*? thou hast toucht a life,  
The very name of which had power to chaine  
Up all my rage, and calme my wildest wrongs.

*Euad.* 'Tis done, and since I could not find away  
To meet thy love so cleare, as through his life,  
I cannot now repent it.

*Amin.* Couldst thou procure the gods to speake to me,  
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,  
I thinke I should fall out with them, behold  
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my brest,  
Sent by his violent Fate to fetch his death  
From my slow hand: and to augment my woe,  
You now are present stain'd with a Kings blood  
Violently shed: this keepes night here,  
And throwes an unknowne wilderness about me.

*Asp.* Oh, oh, oh.

*Amin.* No more, pursue me not.

*Euad.* Forgive me then, and take me to thy bed;

We

*The Maides Tragedie.*

We may not part.

*Amin.* Forbeare, be wise, and let my rage goe this way.

*Eusd.* Tis you that I would stay, not it,

*Amin.* Take heed, it will returne with me,

*Eusd.* If it must be, I shall not feare to meet it,

Take me home.

*Amin.* Thou monster of cruelty, forbeare.

*Eusd.* For heavens sake looke more calme,

Thine eyes are sharper then thou canst make thy sword.

*Amin.* Away, away, thy knees are more to me then violence.

I am worse then sicke to see knees follow me.

For that I must not grant, for heavens sake stand.

*Eusd.* Receive me then.

*Amin.* I dare not stay thy language,

In midst of all my anger, and my grieve,

Thou do'st awake something that troubles me,

And sayes I lov'd thee once, I dare not stay,

There is no end of womans reasoning.

*leaves her.*

*Eusd.* *Amin.* thou shalt love me once againe,

Goe I am calme, farewell; And peace for ever.

*Eusd.* whom thou hast will die for thee,

*kills herselfe*

*Amin.* I have a little humane nature yet

That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.

*Returns.*

*Eusd.* Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late,

Oh I am lost, the heavy sleepe makes hast.

*She dies.*

*Asp.* Oh, oh, oh.

*Amin.* This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feele

A starke affrighted motion in my bloud,

My soule growes weary of her house, and I

All over am a trouble to my selfe,

There is some hidden power in these dead things

That calls my flesh unto 'em, I am cold,

Be resolute, and beare 'em company,

There's something yet which I am loath to leave,

There's man enough in me to meet the feares

That death can bring, and yet would it were done,

*I can*

*The Mares Tragedie.*

I can find nothing in the whole discourse  
Of death I durst not meet the boldest way,  
Yet still betwixt the reason and the act,  
The wrong I to *Aspatia* did, stands up,  
I have not such another fault to answer,  
Though she may justly arme her selfe with scorne  
And hate of me, my soule will part lesse troubled,  
When I have paid to her in teares my sorrow,  
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,  
If all that's left in me can answer it.

*Asp.* Was it a dreame? there stands *Aminor* still,  
Or I dreame still.

*Amin.* How dost thou? speake, receive my love and help,  
Thy blood climbs up to his old place againe,  
There's hope of thy recovery.

*Asp.* Did you not name *Aspatia*?

*Amin.* I did.

*Asp.* And talkt of teares and sorrow unto her.

*Amin.* 'Tis true, and till these happy signes in thee  
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.

*Asp.* Th' art there already, and these wounds are hers:  
Those threats I brought with me, sought not revenge,  
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.  
I am *Aspatia* yet.

*Amin.* Dare my soule ever looke abroad agen?

*Asp.* I shall live *Aminor*, I am well,  
A kind of healthfull joy wanders within me.

*Amin.* The world wants lines to excuse thy loss  
Come let me beare thee to some place of help.

*Asp.* *Aminor* thou must stay, I must rest here,  
My strength begins to disobey my will.  
How dost thou my best soule? I would faine live,  
Now if I could, wouldest thou have loved me then?

*Amin.* Alas, all that I am's not worth a haire  
From thee.

*Asp.* Give me thy hand, mine hands grope up and downe  
And

## *The Maides Tragedie.*

And cannot finde thee, I am wondrous sicke :  
Have I thy hand *Aminor* ?

*Amin.* Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast,

*Asp.* I doe beleeeve thee better than my sense.

Oh, I must go: farewell.

*Amin.* She sounds : *Aspatia*, Helpe, for heavens sake water  
Such as may chaine life ever to this frame.

*Aspatia* speake: what no help? yet I foole,  
He chase her temples, yet ther's nothing stirres,  
Some hidden power tell her *Aminor* calls,  
And let her answer me : *Aspatia* speake.

I have heard, if there be life, but bow  
The body thus, and it will shew it selfe.

Oh she is gone, I will not leave her yet.

Since out of justice we must challeng: nothing,

He call it mercy if youle pittie me,

You heavenly powers, and lend for some few years,

The blessed soule to this faire seat againe.

No comfort comes, the gods deny me too.

He bow the body once againe : *Aspatia*.

The soule is fled for ever, and I wrong

My selfe, so long to lose her company.

Must I talke now? Here's to be with thee love. *Kill himselfe.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* This is a great grace to my Lord, to have the new  
King come to him, I must tell him, he is entering. O heaven,  
helpe, helpe,

*Enter Lifp. Melant. Cal. Cleon. Diph. Sirano.*

*Lif.* Where's *Aminor*?

*Sir.* O there, there.

*Lif.* How strange is this?

*Cal.* What should we doe here?

*Mel.* These deaths are such acquainted things with me,  
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand  
Stiffe here for ever: eyes call up your teares,  
This is *Aminor*: heart, he was my friend,

*Melt.*

*The Maides Tragedie.*

Melt, now it flowes, *Aminor* give a word  
To call me to thee.

*Amin.* Oh.

*Mel.* *Melantius* calls his friend *Aminor*, oh thy armes  
Are kinder to me than thy tongue,  
Speake, speake.

*Amin.* What?

*Mel.* That little word was worth all the sounds  
That ever I shall heare againe.

*Diph.* O brother here lyes your sister slaine,  
You lose your selfe in sorrow there.

*Mel.* Why *Diphilus*, It is  
A thing to laugh at in respect of this  
Here was my sister, father, brother, some,  
All that I had, speake once againe,  
What youth lyes slaine there by thee?

*Amin.* 'Tis *Aspatia*.  
My senses fade, let me give up my soule  
Into thy bosome.

*Cal.* What's that what's that *Aspatia*?

*Mel.* I never did repent the greatnesse of my heart till now.  
It will not burst at need.

*Cal.* My daughter dead here too, and you have all fine  
new trickes to grieve, but I nere knew any but direct  
crying.

*Mel.* I am a pratler, but no more.

*Diph.* Hold brother.

*Lisp.* Stop him.

*Diph.* Fie, how unmanly was this offer in you,  
Does this become our straine?

*Cal.* I know not what the matter is, but I am  
Growne very kinl, and am friends with you,  
You have given me that among you will kill me  
Quickly, but Ile goe home, and live as long as I can.

*Mel.* His spirit is but poore that can be kept  
From death for want of weapons.

Is not my hands a weapon good enough  
To stop my breath ; or if you tie downe those,  
I vow *Amintor* I will never eate,  
Or drinke, or sleep, or have to doe with that  
That may preserve life, this I sweare to keepe.

*Lisp.* Look to him tho, and beare those bodies in.  
May this a faire example be to me,  
To rule with temper : for on lustfull Kings  
Uulookt for sudden deaths from heaven are sent,  
But curst is he that is their instrument.

FINIS.



